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The Northwest



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In this issue:

- The Fur Trade in the Far North.
- Dairying in Minnesota (Second Paper).
- Queen Yeni Diz of Lost Valley.
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THE NORTHWEST

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VOL. XV.—No. 2.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1897.

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THE FUR TRADE IN THE FAR NORTH.

By William Bleasdel Cameron.

Pro pelle cutem—"Skin for skin."

The above is the motto of the oldest and greatest fur-trading corporation in the world, with the liberal translation of it common throughout the country over which its operations extend. Within the vast area included between the Arctic Ocean and Alaska on the north and the forty-ninth parallel of latitude and the Great Lakes on the south, and the east coast of Labrador and the Pacific, the Hudson's Bay Company has two hundred trading-posts and employs two thousand men in the business of collecting and exporting furs. A short description of its methods, the life of its employees and hunters and of the territory over which, for upward of two centuries, it held almost undisputed sway, should embrace nearly everything worthy of mention relative to the fur trade in the Far North.

The chief executive officer of the company in Canada is called the commissioner, and he resides at Winnipeg, where the head offices are also located. The territory is divided by the company, for its own purposes, into four departments comprising thirty districts, each under the supervision of a commissioned officer; and the number of posts to a district varies from three to ten. A commissioned officer originally shared in the profits of the fur trade, a commission representing a given number of shares, according to the rank of the officer. Of these there were five: chief factors, factors, chief traders, traders, and accountants. Recently, however, this system has been superseded by a scale of fixed salaries ranging from one thousand to two thousand five hundred dollars a year. Clerks and postmasters receive twenty to one hundred pounds sterling per annum, while the pay of laborers is proportionally less. These salaries, it is true, are not large; yet, when it is understood that all employees live at the company's expense, that they can purchase what goods they require for their own use at actual cost, and that many of them are able, during a long term of service, with modest sums which they have saved accumulating for years at compound interest, to



educate their families at the best schools and universities and put away sufficient to keep them if not in affluence at least in comfort after retirement, it will scarcely seem a matter for wonder that they are as a rule content; that they are loyal to the interests they serve; and that many of the old servants and pensioners retain more affection for "the company" than they profess regard for the Government, and resign the active battle of life satisfied that they have acquitted themselves creditably and are entitled to a well-earned rest and such quiet pleasures as may be within their reach.

The capital stock invested in the fur trade is, in round numbers, four million dollars in shares of twenty pounds sterling each. This is exclusive of the land and other stock, which amounts to about six million dollars. The proceeds from the fur sales in a recent year were a million and a quarter of dollars, and the net profit on the season's trade, to be divided among the shareholders, was about three hundred thousand dollars.

It is, however, more particularly with the details of life in the remote portions of what may still be termed the Hudson's Bay Territory, and with the methods of taking, preparing and exporting the peltries which go to adorn the persons and equipages of the potentates of the civilized world, that it is here proposed to deal.

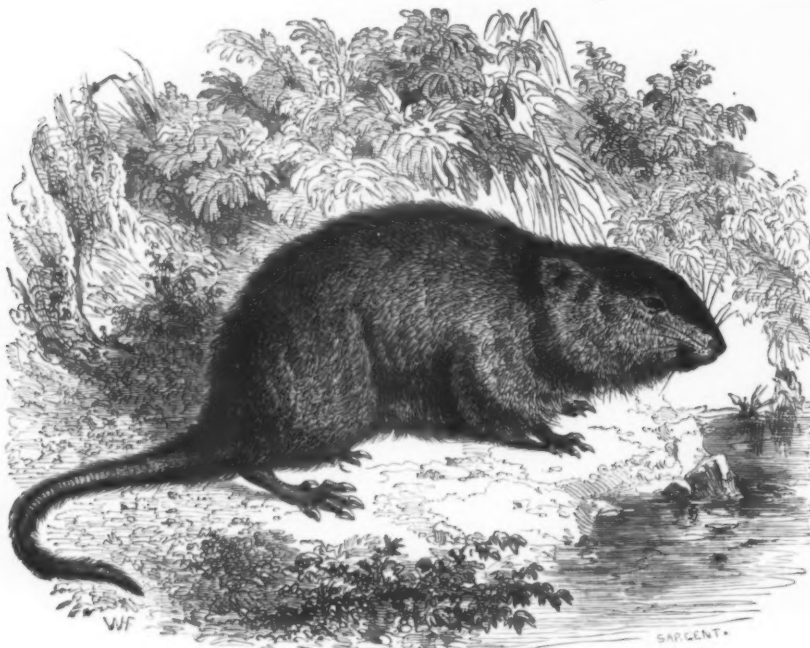
A "skin" was formerly the common unit of value in the fur trade, and it is still the specie of the Far North. It is represented by a bit of wood, called a "made beaver." A cotton handkerchief costs a skin, a pound of tea two, and a trade gun twenty; a mink is worth one, a beaver four, and a silver fox twenty skins. It

is impossible to place a definite value upon the made-beaver skin, for it may be said to stand for anything from fifty cents to a dollar and a half, according to circumstances.

About the beginning of October the Indian hunter comes to the nearest company's post. He is told that his debt is already, perhaps, fifty or sixty skins, for he has to live during the summer, when no furs are to be taken, and the company has given him advances. He haggles about the amount of further debt he is to obtain, for he is prepared to accept all he can get; and by the time he leaves for his hunting-grounds, his account probably reaches one hundred skins. It is safe to say that he will have at least half a sack of flour, a plug or two of tobacco, five pounds of tea, ten pounds of bacon, ammunition, a butcher and a pocket-knife, an awl, some embroidery silk, a gaudy shawl, eight yards of pink or lilac print, steel traps and some confectionery. He has also, probably, a little sugar, and perhaps some syrup, a cotton shirt and a blanket capote.

Arrived at his hunting-ground, his first care is to select his camp, usually on the shore of some lake, and build a rough hut of logs and bark. If there be wild rice at hand, he gathers a sack or two, paddling along the reed-like stalks and threshing the heads between sticks so that the ripe grain falls into the canoe. So soon as the first snow comes, he endeavors to secure a store of meat. He is sure to have a partner, and two Indians not infrequently slay thirty or forty deer in a single hunt. The deer move about in droves, and in different winters are found usually in different localities, so that it is not always easy for the hunter to obtain a supply of venison.

These preliminary steps taken, the hunter goes about the work of laying his traps. He sets a line of them fifteen or twenty miles in circumference, so that the first and last traps are nearest his camp. Some are for bears,—snare, made of rope, usually; others, for skunks, martens, fishers and wolverines, are the ordinary "figure-four" wooden deadfalls; beavers, otters, minks, foxes and wolves are taken in steel traps, while lynxes are caught in twine snares. It may take the hunter several days to make the round of his traps. A blanket, gun, knife, flint and steel, kettle, ax, snowshoes and a little tea and tobacco compose his equipment; and when night falls he sets snares for rabbits, builds a shelter of boughs, and after a hearty meal of lynx, beaver, porcupine, skunk or bear, washed down by generous draughts of strong black tea from his copper pail, followed



MR. MUSQUASH (MUSKRAT),

"The most prolific fur-bearing animal in the Hudson's Bay territory."

by a pipe, he lays himself down beside his lonely camp-fire, wrapped in his single blanket, under the cold, glistening stars and the scintillating glory of the Northern Lights, to doze and shiver until dawn. Everything is fish that comes to his net, and the flesh of any of the animals named, as well as of other fur-robed quadrupeds, is eaten by him with a relish. Beaver is excellent, as I am myself able to testify; so is lynx,—notwithstanding its relation to the feline tribe,—and muskrat; the rest do not rank quite so high in his estimation.

So soon as the ice takes on the lakes and rivers, or about the middle of November, a dog-train or two is dispatched from the trading-post with fresh supplies of flour, bacon, tea, tobacco and ammunition for the hunters, and to bring back their furs. A clerk is sent in charge, and he is accompanied by an Indian or half-breed guide, who is also an interpreter should the clerk be ignorant of the native language. Such a trip may occupy four to ten days, and generally results in several hundreds of dollars' worth of furs being brought back to be placed to the credit of the hunters' accounts at the fort.

Perhaps it is here that the dog attains his highest sphere of usefulness. Four is the usual number allotted to a "train." They are harnessed, one before the other, to a "flatsled" which carries the goods and the men's provisions, besides fish for the dogs. The men run most of the time, one on snowshoes before the dogs, the other behind, and from twenty to fifty miles is an ordinary day's journey. Sixty miles, indeed, is not an uncommon record between sunrise and sunset on a broken trail,—a record from which some idea of the training and endurance of the dog-drivers may be gained.

The dogs are fed but once a day—at night; to feed them in the morning, say the drivers, makes them lazy. They are large, thick-haired animals, with pointed ears, small eyes and a generally wolfish appearance, and they are incorrigible thieves. Their hardness may be understood when it is mentioned that, with the thermometer at fifty or sixty degrees below zero, they will rest, curled up in the snow, throughout the night. Were the commonly accepted superstition respecting the ill-omen

of a dog's howl to obtain in the fur country, people would dwell in perpetual horror of impending disaster, for a night never passes without a chorus from the dogs, lasting ten or fifteen minutes. In extreme cold weather I have often fancied that they howled to start the blood circulating and keep themselves warm; while in summer there is no doubt that the exercise of their vocal genius is often due to exasperation caused by the attacks of swarms of mosquitoes.

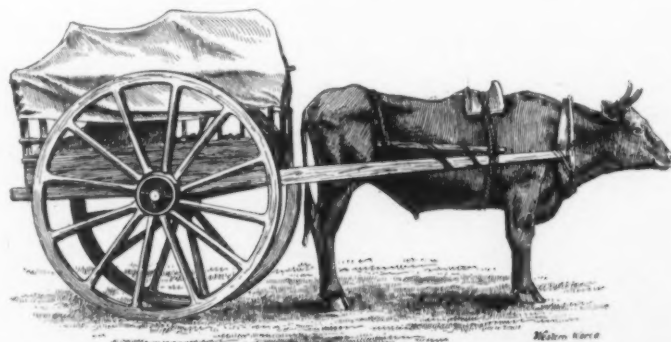
A few days before Christmas the hunters come in for the holidays, and a period of feasting ensues. New Year's morning is greeted with a volley from their guns; then they immediately start upon a round of visits, commencing, of course, with the post. Ample provision has been made for their reception, and it would be hazardous to venture an opinion as to the weight of the quantity of cake, pie, beef and other edibles which an average healthy Indian can find accommodation for upon what is to him the day of the year. Kissing is a universal custom at New Year, to which everyone is expected to conform without distinction as to age or beauty, and a failure on the part of any person to regard this ceremony is looked upon as a breach of etiquette of the most flagrant sort. The festivities of the day are concluded with a dance at the post, out of which one must needs be sound of wind and sturdy of limb to derive much enjoyment. Jigs

and reels follow one another in rapid succession, and the thump, thump of moccasined heel, the lively ring of the fiddle, the hum of voices in a strange tongue and an occasional burst of laughter or applause, may be heard far into the twilight hours of the ensuing morning. In these dances the clerks at the post invariably join. If they are young enough they enjoy them, perhaps; if older, they mingle in the shuffle to please the Indians.

Now and then amusing incidents occur. One year a genial physician chanced to be visiting at the post where I was stationed. He wore slippers on this particular evening, and joined in the dance. When it came to that interesting figure, "Elbow swing as you go!" to the immense diversion of the natives he stepped out of one of his slippers, but he kept on, unmoved, around the circle, and, when he reached the recreant shoe, stepped into it again and thus preserved the harmony of the reel.

After the holidays the Indians return to their hunting-grounds, but as fur animals do not move about much during the extreme cold, the furs they take are usually few during January and February. About the first of March they are once more at the fort for their outfit for the spring hunt. This lasts until well on toward the end of June, and is the Indian's harvest. Fur is at its best, the days are long and pleasant, and it is spring!—that season so full of hope and promise for all. About the first of May, or as soon as the ice in the rivers breaks up, supplies are sent as in the fall to the Indian camps, though they go this time in canoes instead of by sled. They are in charge of a clerk, and bring back the furs which the hunters have, up to then, succeeded in taking. This tripping is frequently attended with more or less danger, on account of rapids and falls, in which many a man has lost his life.

During my first year in the Canadian Northwest, I met a young fellow of about my own age; a mutual liking ensued and we were fast friends for a number of years. In the Indian uprising of 1885, on the Saskatchewan River, we were both made prisoners by Big Bear's band, the most murderous of the affected hostiles, and our isolated and perilous situation served yet more firmly to weld the links of our comradeship. On the first of October, 1892, Stanley Simpson was on his way from Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, to his post at Cross Lake on the Nelson River. At ten o'clock the party, consisting of Chief Factor Belanger, Simpson, and an Indian steersman, put ashore at the head of an island over which it was necessary to portage, and, after boiling their tea-pail, re-embarked at the foot of it. The current was extremely swift on either side of the island, forming a small eddy below it, in which their boat was launched. Simpson was paddling in the bow of the canoe, the chief factor occupied the center, while the



AN OLD-TIME HUDSON'S BAY FREIGHTER'S CART,

"whose creaking axles have been heard all the way from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains."



A DOG-TRAIN IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

"They are harnessed, one before the other, to a 'fatsled,' and twenty to fifty miles is an ordinary day's journey."

Indian sat in the stern. The correct and only course of comparative safety was to breast the stream on leaving the eddy, paddling hard for the shore on the right, where the current was slack.

It will never be known just how it happened, but as the canoe shot into the current it suddenly turned over. Perhaps the chief factor, who was an enormous man and unable to swim, was nervous and upset it by some ill-timed movement of his great weight. Simpson and he were thrown into the current and swept immediately away; the Indian had the good fortune to be still within the eddy, and easily swam back to the island. Here he turned. His companions' hands were linked across the bottom of the canoe, and he could hear Simpson, in an earnest voice, endeavoring to encourage his superior officer. As the canoe was drifting out of sight round a curve in the river, he saw a splash. Three days later a York boat's crew coming up from York Factory on Hudson's Bay had their attention attracted by the piteous howling of a little dog on the shore opposite Sea Falls. Upon going toward it, they found the upturned canoe in a little bay. Beside it floated the body of the chief factor, his wrist tied to the painter of the boat. The dog was Simpson's and had been in the canoe when it left the island. Farther on they picked up the Indian, half-dead from exposure and starvation; and a week later the corpse of poor Simpson was dragged from the bed of the icy stream and laid decently beside that of his companion in misfortune. There is good ground for the belief that Simpson sacrificed himself in an effort to save the life of his chief and friend. He was young, strong, and an uncommonly good swimmer, and it is thought that he might easily have reached the shore had he been willing to abandon his companion to his fate; but he was ever of a noble, generous nature, and it is not hard to conceive that he never would desert a comrade; he must have secured the chief factor's arm to the

canoe—in the forlorn hope that he might be saved, and then sunk, numbed and spent, into the treacherous torrent of Sea Falls.

The quantity and value of the furs which an Indian may secure as the result of his spring hunt varies, of course, greatly, but in a good year from two to three hundred dollars' worth may be taken as a fair average. He may have eight or ten bears, a dozen beavers, four or five otters, a number of lynxes, martens and minks, and several hundred musquash or muskrats. When all the hunters have come in, the furs are pressed into packs of a hundred pounds each and sent in York boats to the frontier trails, over which they are carted to the nearest railway station to be shipped to London, England, where they are carefully sorted and afterward sold at the two great annual sales of the company in January and March, which are attended by buyers from all parts of the world.

In the hard life of the voyageur there is ever present the elements of danger and excitement. With the first glance of dawn, the guide shouts his warning "Leve! Leve!" and the men spring from their blankets, pack their camp outfit into the boats, and are off. Six oars go to a boat, one to a man, besides a "sweep" in the hands of both bow and steersman. The oars are large and heavy, and the rowers rise to their feet and sink back into their seats with each long stroke. At eight o'clock they put ashore for breakfast, and about noon another halt is made; then they go on until night falls, when they stop for the day, eat their supper and throw themselves on the ground for a few hours' rest. I have been told by voyageurs that they have been so tired at night that they were unable to eat, and have flung themselves down, on the nearest level spot, without so much as removing their coats or snatching a blanket, and slept the sleep of dead weariness until roused at daybreak by the cry of the guide.

Fifteen to twenty miles is, perhaps, an average day's journey; much depends upon the wa-

ter. In some places, rapids and portages occur with exasperating frequency; in others the stream is broad and deep and there is little current. Again, in crossing a lake, with a favorable wind sail may be made, and the rowers have a welcome rest; while in breasting a rapid, round which it is unnecessary or impossible to portage, "tracking" is resorted to. A long line is attached to the bow of the boat, and the men disembark, leaving only the bow and steersman to keep her nose off the shore or off rocks in the stream, while the men far ahead on the bank haul her up against the torrent. Accidents are common. A block of overhanging ice, four or five feet thick and left by the spring flood, may fall upon a man as he passes beneath it and crush out his life; a sudden access of force in the current, as the boat rounds a bend, may jerk the trackers from their feet and into the river, and some may not get out again; or the boat may drift against a rock, smash to atoms, and the cargo and the men in her be lost.

But portaging is the hardest work which comes to the voyageur; for, sometimes, it is necessary to drag the heavy York boat, and to carry her load of four or five tons over a rough, rocky point a mile in width. A portage strap is fastened to one "piece" of about one hundred pounds; another piece, or perhaps two, is placed upon this, and with the strap against his forehead, with bared legs and shoeless feet, man after man toils across the portage, until the narrow path beneath him is damp with the sweat which rolls from his body.

In former times, buffalo pemmican constituted the chief food of the voyageur; now dried moose or caribou has taken its place. Then, tea and flour were luxuries enjoyed but once a year, at Christmas; now they form part of his daily ration.

As may be imagined, the life of a company's officer or clerk does not possess much novelty. If the clerk is fortunate enough to be stationed at the district headquarters, he may perhaps live at the same table with his commissioned

officer and his family; there may be young ladies, in which event music and cards help to while away the long winter evenings. There is also a library of greater or less dimensions; and if he be of a literary turn, magazines and papers reach him as often as twice to twelve times a year, as he may be near or far from the arteries of the great outside world. In any event, the arrivals of the mails form, perhaps, the most notable breaks in the monotonous life, bringing tidings of home and friends and of those things of which he was once a part and which linger ever in his heart and memory, no matter how long it may have been since he bade farewell to them all. Dances, too, assist in killing time, and if the occasion be a wedding, a dance is likely to last for two or three days, for leisure is usually abundant in this great, quiet land. But hunting is the main recreation of the majority of the officers and clerks. The staff at a post often go out and camp for a week, and a hundred or more geese and double that number of ducks, load their boats on the return. The ptarmigan—brown in summer and white in winter—is a good game-bird, and in some localities pinnated

on the backs of the train-dogs. A train-dog will howl upon the slightest excuse, and the pathetic outbursts called forth by the successful performance of this latter feat appeared to cause "Maud" unstinted enjoyment and a certain amount of wonder which was ludicrous to behold.

The clerks often set traps adjacent to the fort, and in this way find another means of passing time and of adding to their incomes. Snowshoeing is also popular exercise on the short days, and, at posts where they are kept, horses are in much requisition.

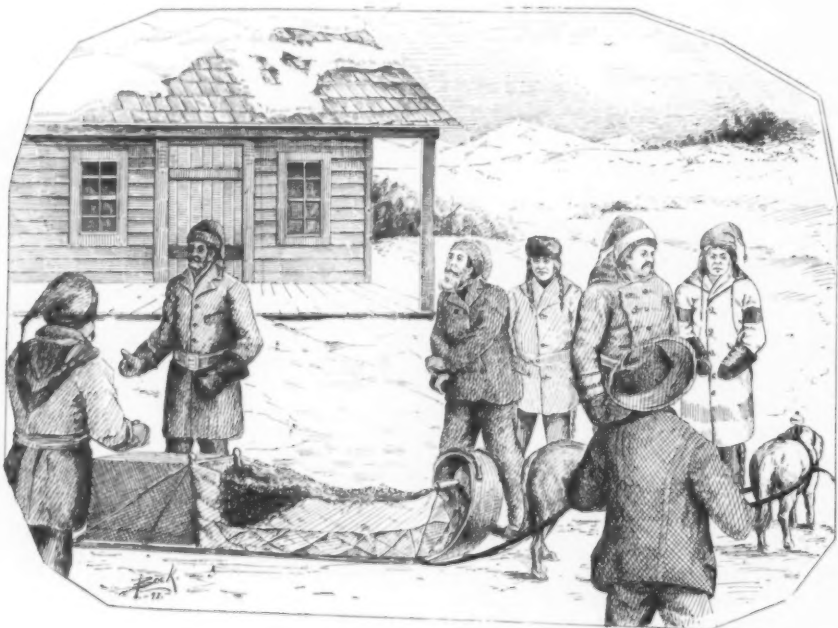
At an outpost, where a clerk is alone with his Indian servant, however, the life is wearisome to a degree; and privation not infrequently adds to the hardship of it. Supplies may run short; and in any case he is expected to stock himself with fish for his table and his dogs, taken in nets from the lake near which his post is situated, as well as to augment his larder by the use of his gun. Rare instances have occurred where, through accident, supplies had not reached the far-out posts for which they were intended, and the men had literally died of starvation. Out of a York boat's crew which

white women were rarely to be met with in the country, most of the company's employees, including officers, married Indian-women. From these alliances a considerable population of half-breeds sprang up, skilled to a moderate degree in civilized arts and manner of life, and from this class the servants of the company were, later, largely accustomed to choose their wives. At the present day numbers of their descendants, having more or less Indian blood, educated in Great Britain or Canada, occupy prominent positions in social, professional and business life. The late Honorable John Norquay, premier of Manitoba, an eloquent and gifted speaker and politician, was of this class.

The prices paid to the hunters for their furs at the present time are, of course, much higher than they were fifty years ago, when the trader stood a common trade gun, worth perhaps ten dollars, upright, and the purchaser was required to pile beaver-skins beside it until they were even with the muzzle. I have heard it said that when an Indian had not sufficient skins to pay in full, the company's officer filed a notch at the point on the barrel of the gun to which his pile of skins reached, and the hunter made up the shortage from his next hunt. However, for the truth of this picturesque statement I am unable to vouch. Two silver fox skins would pay for a gun. In London a beaver was worth four to ten and a silver fox fifty to three hundred dollars. Tea, tobacco and powder are now sold at a dollar a pound, and shot, sugar and bacon bring fifty and flour twenty cents per pound in the Far North; but in the days when an ordinary colored cotton handkerchief paid for a marten-skin the value of which was three dollars, they could rarely, with the exception of tobacco and ammunition, be had at any price; and dry-goods, being lightest, formed the bulk of the company's yearly outfit. For the cost of getting merchandise into that almost inaccessible region was very great; and it should not be forgotten that, though the company assuredly made enormous profits, it treated the Indians, on the whole, humanely. Fur was plentiful, and a good hunter could always pay his debt, even though it might be large, if he tried. And the company was ready to advance him at all times; and, in sickness or starvation, it came to his aid.

Of late years, the Hudson's Bay territory, even in the most remote parts, as the Yukon, the MacKenzie and Northern British Columbia, has been invaded by the "free" traders—to their profit and the discomfiture of the ancient order. Now steamboats, owned by the company and the missions, ply on the Athabasca, Peace and MacKenzie rivers; tourists have visited and written of it, and the "Great Lone Land" is no more the *terra incognita* that it once was. Gold and other precious minerals are abundant, as are coal, petroleum and various natural products. Potatoes and other roots, and even wheat and barley, are grown in the more favored districts; while whitefish, pike, pickerel, trout, sturgeon and salmon abound in the larger lakes and streams. Large quantities of whitefish are caught with nets in the fall and frozen for food for men and dogs during the winter; while at York Factory and other points on Hudson's Bay, wild geese are so numerous, before the ice takes, that they are salted and issued as rations to the servants—who are said, by the way, to grow excessively tired of them—in cold weather.

A ship still comes annually to York and Moose factories on Hudson's Bay, from London, England, but the bulk of the furs now goes out by Montreal or New York, while most of the supplies are bought in Canada and the United States. Formerly, all goods were English goods, and the furs were all exported by ship from Hudson's Bay—by which route, also,



THE HUDSON'S BAY PACKET.

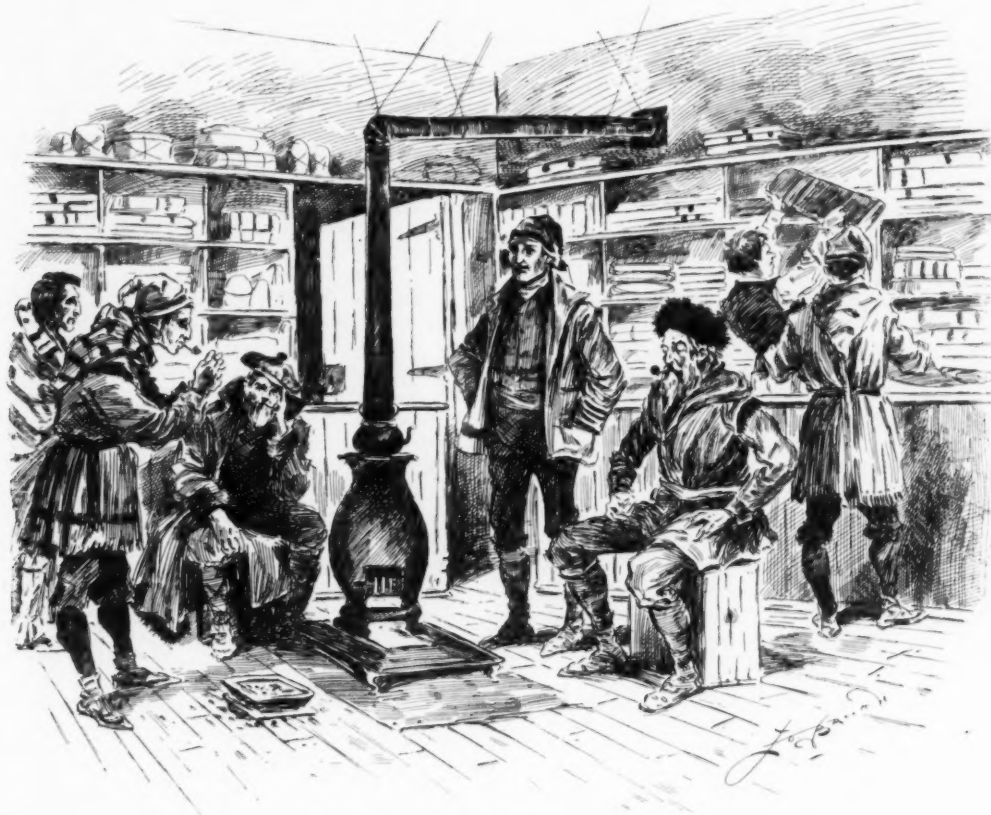
"The arrivals of the mails, perhaps, form the most notable breaks in the monotonous life."

grouse or prairie chickens are very numerous. Our spruce little friend, the partridge, too, is nowhere more frequently at home to the hunter than here, and he is often such a stranger to the guile of man that an Indian will walk up to the tree upon which he is sitting and slip the noose that he has fixed to the end of a pole over his head. After the first snow in the fall, rabbit shooting is good sport, and, in seasons when they are plentiful, fifty or sixty to the credit of a single huntsman in an afternoon is not an uncommon score. Then there is the large game, such as moose and deer; while now and then a bear, in his simplicity, pokes his nose in inquisitive proximity to the fort, the staff turn out, and he is shot for his trouble.

At one of the posts where I was stationed, we kept a moose for two years. She was taken, when very young, by an Indian who killed her mother and brought the calf to the fort in his canoe. She became quite tame, and in the second winter we broke her to drive in harness. Her chief amusements were scaring Indians—by racing up to them and stopping abruptly with a loud snort—and planting her forefeet

was taking the annual supplies for a post far up among the Rockies on a branch of the MacKenzie River, two or three men were drowned, and, the ice beginning to take, the boat was obliged to put back to the district headquarters. The three men at the outpost were left for some weeks without the supplies, and when, after winter had set in and it became possible to reach them with dog-trains, provisions were at length sent them, two were found dead in the post, while the third man was living by himself in a small hut some distance from the fort buildings. The explanation he gave was that he had removed to where there was a chance of keeping himself alive by snaring rabbits, which were more plentiful than at the post; but a suggestion of cannibalism pervaded the affair, for only the bones of his companions were found, and they were in the open chimney-place. Nothing was done, however, and I myself saw the survivor many times in after years, though I never spoke to him of that winter. One of the two men who went to the relief told me of the circumstances.

In the very early days, when unmarried



A STORMY DAY AT A FUR POST.

"About the first of March they are once more at the post for their outfit for the spring hunt."

the servants and officers of the company, going or returning, had passage.

Furs are not now so plentiful as in the olden times, yet they are by no means exhausted, and the company discourages the slaughter of fur-bearing animals out of season. The following table, which is authentic, shows the quantities of the different varieties of furs sold by the company in two recent years.

Description.	Average Value.	Number of Skins.	Amounts.
		1887.	1894.
Bears.....	\$18.00	8,087	9,173
Beavers.....	5.00	83,589	46,779
Fishers.....	7.50	4,492	4,024
Foxes, blue.....	5.00	35	34
" cross.....	7.50	3,185	2,970
" red.....	1.75	11,651	15,810
" silver.....	75.00	827	04
" white.....	3.00	4,102	3,227
Lynxes.....	3.50	73,850	12,813
Martens.....	3.50	50,842	106,997
Minks.....	2.00	64,215	51,163
Musquash.....	.10	380,000	648,000
Otters, land.....	8.00	8,312	7,444
Otters, sea.....	15.00	10	11
Seals, fur.....	12.00	1,846	44,066
Skunks.....	.75	10,920	6,785
Wolves.....	1.50	1,136	2,067
Wolverines.....	4.50	1,226	880
Totals.....			

\$1,423,045 \$1,728,597

The above values are, of course, only approximate, and in some instances may be somewhat too high; but the figures may be taken as a reasonable estimate. The prices of first quality furs are in most cases much higher than those quoted, but the number of inferior skins reduces the average values. The highest price of which I have heard as being paid for a silver fox, for example, was one hundred and five pounds sterling, or five hundred and eleven dollars. A good otter is worth ten to fifteen dollars and a beaver eight to ten, at any time. The numbers of peltries mentioned represent, perhaps, nine-tenths of the total catch in the Hudson's Bay territory for the respective years, for it is the policy of the company to control

the London market, and almost all those furs gathered by the free-traders find their way, by purchase, into the company's hands before they leave America.

In conclusion, it may be said that the fur-trade life is not without its attractions, especially to the young. The late R. M. Ballantyne, the well-known author whose tales of adventure have been the delight of thousands of boys, began life as a clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The freedom, the outdoor sports, the wildness and novelty of his surroundings and a certain glamour of romance, —all tend to act upon the impressionable heart of youth. It is, moreover, essentially a home life. Thus, when the novelty and enthusiasm have worn off and he has become one with it; with ties, perhaps, of family; with his modest pay slowly mounting up to a competency for his old age, it will scarcely be thought surprising that the employee of the company, once in the service, usually spends the active part of his life in it, his twilight years in the country, and is buried in the land of his adoption.

IMMENSE LAKE CARGOES.

The rapid growth of the lake carrying trade has been one of the wonders of the century. Every year, whether dull or prosperous, has shown an immense increase in the commerce which passes through the Sault Canal and the Detroit River. The liberal policy of the Government in the past decade in deepening the channels, and the immense improvement made in the construction of lake vessels, have been the cause of this rapid growth. Six years ago, says the Superior (Wis.) *Inland Ocean*, a vessel which could carry 100,000 bushels of wheat from this port was considered a wonder, but so rapid has been the change that not long ago a vessel left this harbor with what would be equivalent to nearly 185,000 bushels of wheat.

The Queen City, one of the new vessels of the Zenith Transportation Company, now holds the palm for big cargoes, having loaded 156,256 bushels of barley and 58,000 bushels of wheat, a cargo of 5,430 net tons. The great carrying capacity of these new vessels, of which a large number have recently been built and are now building, will be a potent factor in still further decreasing the freight charges on the lakes, and it is only a question of time until the smaller boats will be unable to compete, because the small cargoes will not be profitable at the current freight-rates.

THE CANOES OF CANADA.

There are seven different kinds of canoes used in Canada. The ordinary log canoe is usually made from a portion of a sound pine-tree, shaped with as much skill as the maker is possessed of, and then hollowed out with ax and adze. A well-constructed log canoe is a very safe and convenient craft for use on a river, and is the description of canoe chiefly used by the lumbermen of Ottawa. An excellent canoe can be made from a large, sound basswood tree, as basswood will not crack with the sun as readily as will pine, and becomes very light when dry. In order to make a really good log canoe, states the Pilot Mound (Man.) *Sentinel*, the manufacturer must have the ability to make the shape as perfect as possible, and the canoe must be so proportioned that it will rest level on the water and be easily propelled. A good, well-constructed paddle is a most essential thing to have and should be made of rock maple, well shaped and thin, and of a proper length to suit the canoe. Besides the log canoe, there is the Indian canoe made of birch-bark, the elm-bark canoe, the Peterborough canoe—made of thin basswood, the skin canoe of the Esquimaux, and a very light description of canoe made of oiled canvas.



The Groom Appreciated It.

There was a charivari party out in Genesee, Idaho, not long ago that was grotesquely ludicrous. While the crowd of serenaders were shouting, firing off their guns and pistols, beating tin cans and making night hideous with a thousand and one unearthly noises, the groom sat on a fence near the house and watched the performance quietly and amusedly, and the bride was still with her parents near Cornwall, some distance away. After the visitors had worn themselves out and were about to depart, the groom removed a cob pipe from his mouth long enough to say:

"Much obleeged, boys. My gal is with her pap yit; but she'll be mighty glad to kno' thet you've called."

They Named Her "Doris."

The passengers on the West-bound train which was held near Larimore during the recent storm, organized themselves into a christening party, during the wait, and christened the newly-born infant of a Milton lady who was on her way home. An elaborate programme was rendered, consisting of addresses and vocal and instrumental music, the instrument being a violin which some one produced. The young lady was named Doris, the entire company joining in the song "Doris," after which a handsome purse was made up for her benefit. To be christened in a railway coach, during a snow blockade and in a howling blizzard, is a sufficiently unusual event to form a most interesting chapter in the family history.—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Northwest News.*

Couldn't Betray the Trust.

David McLeod met with a strange experience recently while traveling along the State road on his way to visit some Skagit County logging-camps, says the *Whatcom (Wash.) Reville*. In company with another man, and while walking along the highway, they saw a hound chasing a half-grown deer. The frightened animal dashed almost into their arms, and then sought shelter from the dog behind Mr. McLeod, who threw stones at the tormentor and drove him away. For this timely and humane act the gentle creature permitted himself to be captured, and for ten minutes he enjoyed being petted. When Mr. McLeod and his companion again started on their journey, the young deer followed for a considerable distance, then turned aside and lay down in the deep undergrowth to hide from his deadly foe. Mr. McLeod could have brought the trusting little animal home or have slaughtered him for the sake of venison, but he did not have the heart to betray the trustful little fellow.

Life of a Noted Warrior.

Joe Menito, a Chippewa medicine man who, during his early life, was a warrior of great bravery and skill, arrived in Superior from the Fond du Lac Reservation a few days ago and will remain in this vicinity for a week or two ministering to the wants of his ailing brethren.

Menito is seventy-seven years of age. He has probably spilled more Sioux blood than any other Chippewa Indian living. Since the close

of the Chippewa-Sioux war in 1558, the old man has traveled about from place to place, with the forest for a home and a dog and a gun as his only means of obtaining a livelihood. Menito is the son of Was-e-to-wa, the famous "lone warrior," in connection with whose life and mysterious death there are legends almost innumerable. Wasetowa fought in the last tribal battle between the extinct Odagaumies and Chippewas, in which the combined forces of the Odagaumies and Sioux were completely routed.

The old medicine man expects to die in seventeen moons, and has instructed some of his old friends here to bury him in the woods near Fond du Lac, where many of his old comrades were sent on their journey to the happy hunting ground beyond.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

A Christmas Incident.

The doors were swinging in one of our stores the other day, says the *Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune*. By and by a quaint little figure entered and made her hesitating way up to one of the counters with its dazzling display of delicate laces and handsome passementeries. She was so tiny, so shyly apologetic to the crowd that jostled her, so clearly out of place among those who followed the motto, "push and pull," and yet so sweetly conscious of her errand of love, that the mild eyes shone under the smoothly-banded hair, and a flush of pink crept into the faded cheeks as she tightly clasped the worn pocketbook in her hand. The tired saleswoman looked into the kindly old face and her voice unconsciously softened into a lower key:

"Do you wish to purchase something, madam?"

The old lady smiled back into her eyes and answered:

"Yes; I want—I expected to buy some laces for the girls," she said with a wan, disappointed smile, "but everything seems too fine."

A tear rolled down the cheek and sparkled on the little, mitted hand.

"We have other goods," said the young lady, pleasantly, "that are not so expensive."

"Well," replied the old lady, "I guess I won't mind. I don't much believe the girls would like anything so common." And with this she turned away, the regret of poverty showing in her eyes, and the sting of disappointment filling her old heart with voiceless misery.

"Little Shadow Catcher."

Correspondence from West Superior, Wis., states that D. F. Barry, one of the best-known photographers on the North American continent, has decided to remove from that city, where he has been located for six years, to New York City. He is chiefly noted for his friendliness with the North American Indians, particularly the Sioux of the Dakota, among whom he practically lived for years before and after the famous Custer massacre. Back in the '70's Mr. Barry was the leading photographer at Bismarck, N. D., and he improved his position to establish one of the most enduring friendships known with the famous chiefs, Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Gall and others. He was known to them as the "Little Shadow Catcher," and he was the only photographer whom the Indians would ever allow to take their pictures. His collection of redmen and Indian curios became one of the finest and most complete in the country. Barry was at the council of Indians and white men on the anniversary of the battle of the Little Big Horn and got numerous pictures of the affair. He also traveled extensively alone among the Indians, and by this means got from the chiefs themselves accounts at first hand of the last stand of General Custer. His collection of

curios is now one of the best in the country, and high offers have been made by owners of museums. Among the collection are a pair of moccasins, which Rain-in-the-Face took from his own feet to present to Mr. Barry; a gun, used by Sitting Bull; the camp-chair of General Custer; Chief Gall's scalping-knife, and other very valuable relics. Every Indian who makes a pilgrimage through Superior calls on Barry, and his removal from the Northwest will be quite a blow to them.

Girls of the Canadian Northwest.

Fine eyes, good complexions and magnificent hair are the ordinary every-day possessions of the Canadiennes of the backwoods. You may add to these material gifts of Providence a frank kindness of manner, an innocent self-respect, and the remarkable equipoise and common sense which is to be found in her as well as her more cultured sister. This manner is so marked that it may be called a characteristic of the whole race—from the daughter of the cabinet minister or the supreme court judge, to the child of the small village store-keeper or the settler on the forty or fifty-acre clearing just hacked out of the dense bush. Add to this an intense desire for self-improvement and for such culture as she can grasp. The first sign of prosperity on the far-away bush-farm is the purchase and conveyance thither, often with great difficulty, of some parlor organ or a cheap piano, referred to by the family and less fortunate neighbors with reverence and bated breath as the "insterment."

The girls in frontier places read more than all the rest of the family put together, and often amazingly good books. I have seen letters from some outlying district like Algoma, says a correspondent of the *Canadian Magazine*, in which farmers' daughters—who had probably never seen a larger collection of their kind than could be found at some "social" or concert in their village or county town, and to whom either Toronto or Montreal would seem like a vast metropolis—would quote George Eliott, Scott, Tennyson, Macaulay, and even Browning, with a zest and appreciation not always found in those who have more opportunities and more time to cultivate such authors. Art, unfortunately, in these rural or rather frontier districts, is almost entirely represented by gaudy, not to say flashy, chromos of vile coloring and no particular meaning. "Moonlight Scene:" The moon, a large white plate in the midst of masses of clotted gravy, misrepresenting clouds. "Happy Days:" Two fat, idiotic-looking children sitting on a very green bank, "thinking of nothing." But one should not laugh at the "insterment," or even at the dreadful chromos. They are the first signs of a desire to rise superior to coarse and sordid surroundings.

Forced Two Millions on Them.

The discovery of iron ore up on the Mesaba Range in Northern Minnesota, a few years ago, made a good many timber-land owners much richer than they had ever dreamed they would be from the sale of their stumpage holdings. There are a good many Michigan owners of Minnesota stumpage who became independently wealthy just on account of the mineral wealth discovered beneath the pines on the timberlands which they purchased as a speculation. One incident that occurred a few years ago, the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman* avers, illustrates this very pointedly. Gil Hartley, the Duluth street-railway magnate and banker, with some others owned 2,200 acres of stumpage up on the range. That was before anyone had any idea of the land up there being worth anything except for its standing timber. Mr. Hartley sold the timber and, as he supposed, the land, to

a lumber company—the timber at so much a thousand feet and the land at \$1 an acre. The lumber company cut all the timber off and refused to take the land. They didn't want the expense of paying taxes on it; and, in fact, declared that they wouldn't pay \$2,200 for it. Mr. Hartley declared that they would, and brought suit against them to compel them to take the land, which he claimed they should do under the contract he had with them. The best attorneys to be found in Duluth were secured by him, and the matter was fought bitterly in the courts—with the result that the lumber company was forced by law to take possession of the land. A few months afterward iron ore was discovered on the tract, and it is today the site of one of the biggest and richest iron mines on the Mesaba Range, and the lumber concern that was forced to take possession of it by law is a couple of million

received so little reward, opposed the separation strongly.

"It won't pay you, John," he said. "That is a new country and a wild one, and you'll find it hard work to get a foothold. Better stay here with me. We won't get rich, but we'll at least make a living and be together."

"Well, I don't like to leave you and mother, father," John replied, "but I've studied the thing over and come to the conclusion that if I don't go away we'll all be in the poorhouse one of these days. We haven't made farming pay here, and we can't make it pay. You just get a hired man. I'm worth more than I can ever get out of land here in Indiana, and I'm going to have a try for better times. Maybe you'll be living with me some day."

John was of age and he had his way. Selling a little personal property, which netted him several hundred dollars, he bade the old folks

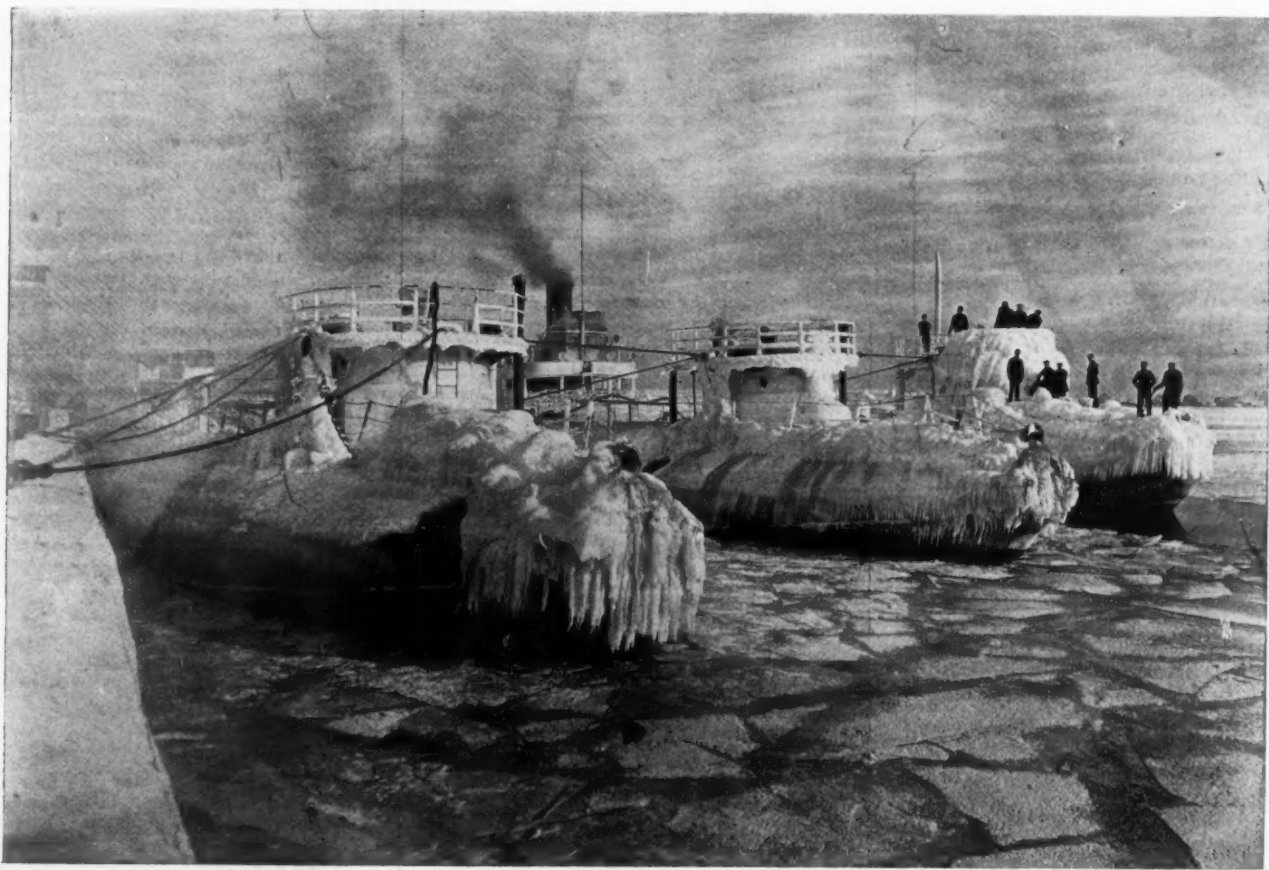
succulent grasses, there came a letter from the old home in Indiana. The aged father wrote that he was discouraged. He could not raise the mortgage on the place, and it must go. It was a tearful letter, but John laughed.

"Mary," he said, "I guess it's time we went to see the old folks. Things are all right here now, for a couple of weeks, and we'll run back and cheer 'em up a bit."

So they went. It was a glad reunion. John was stalwart and prosperous; his father was old, bent, and heartsick. Mary was young and blithe; while her mother-in-law, dear old Mrs. Greenlow, was ready to faint by the wayside.

That evening, as they sat about the familiar hearthstone once more, John told his father what was in his heart.

"You must surrender the farm at once, father, sell off your stock and whatever else you can call your own, and come with us. Our



A WINTER SCENE IN DULUTH HARBOR.

The last arrivals of the big whalebacks just prior to the close of navigation.

dollars the richer. It was a long time, it is said, before Mr. Hartley could get at peace with himself for his fool act in forcing out of his own possession, by law, a fortune like that! But he isn't the only one. There are others who let fortunes slip through their grasp before the discovery of iron up there, because they didn't know the value of their land, but probably none fought so bitterly to make the other party take possession of the land as did Mr. Hartley.

A Simple Story of Dakota Life.

Years ago a young man who had grown weary of the hills and stones of Central Indiana and of the dull prospects which seemed to wait upon enterprising young manhood in that rather slow-going commonwealth, turned his eyes Dakotaward and resolved to seek his fortunes upon the prairies of what was then the Far West. His father, a man past the middle of life and worn gray by toil for which he had

good-bye and went Westward. It did not take him long to buy eighty acres of land in one of the counties on the Northern Pacific Railway, nor did it require much time to stock it modestly with necessary implements and live stock. Terms of payment were easy, he was near a good grain market, and there was something about the Dakota air that made a new man of him physically and mentally. The first breaking yielded enough over expenses to reduce his general indebtedness materially. In the second year he broke more ground and gathered a great harvest of noble wheat. After this he bought more land, and still more, until, at the end of the fifth year, he had deeds to 360 acres of as fine wheat-land as the sun shines upon. He had married an intelligent Dakota girl, erected a comfortable house, barn and stables, added to his farm utensils and felt himself on the high road to independence.

One spring, when all the broad fields were gleaming with their crops of wheat, oats and

home shall be your home—just as I promised you when I first set my face toward the West. There shall be no more hard work—no more heartache for you. From this time on you and mother are going to grow old gracefully and in peace and comfort."

A short time afterwards they left the home that had sheltered them so long and journeyed swiftly toward the new home in Dakotaland. When they arrived, the wheat was turning golden and all nature was at its loveliest. Old Mr. Greenlow could scarcely credit what he saw. He had dreamt of sterility and a life of privation, and here before him were all the evidences of productive soil and boundless prosperity.

"John! John!" he said, with quivering but glad voice, "truth *does* come out of the West, after all. It was a well-starred day when you followed your faith and came to this land of health and plenty. Here let me live and die, for my eyes see, my heart believes, and I am indeed content."

QUEEN YENI DIZ OF LOST VALLEY.

By Barney Hoskin Standish.

Many years ago I was hunting in the mountains of Montana. Game was abundant and I was having a delightful time, when, one day, I wandered farther than usual. Late in the afternoon I realized that I would be unable to return to camp, and began to look about me to find a suitable place to spend the night. Water, near by, trickled down a perpendicular wall, forming a rivulet that stole away down the wooded slope. Near this I built a fire and made myself comfortable. While preparing my evening meal I heard the sound of music—as if some one were singing, far away. But it seemed to come from the rock behind me, and I began to investigate, for I had not supposed that any one was near. I discovered a fissure, in the upright wall, wide enough for a man to enter conveniently. Enticed by the music, I went in, and, as I proceeded, found that at every few feet I had to turn a sharp corner. The walls on either side appeared like the folds of a lady's fan—the incuts and projections being alternate and remarkably regular. Finally the walls became less broken and there was a long, even opening which eventually terminated at the mouth of a subterranean passage that was smaller, but apparently as regular as a street-tunnel. Here I paused and listened, for the music now became much more distinct. I could even hear the words of the song:

"Come, lover, come!
The days are saddened and the nights are long;
Queen Yeni Diz, the beautiful in song,
For thee is dumb.
Come, lover, come!"

It was the most plaintive, yet fascinating, melody that I ever had heard. Thrills went through me, and I shivered as if a cool wind had swept by. Had I tried to retreat I would have been unable to do so; for I was charmed, and an uncontrollable impulse led me to enter the twilight passage.

As I proceeded it did not grow more dark, but a phosphorescent light made all things discernible. The air was cool and sweet, and to my feet the walk felt firm and smooth. Still intoxicated, I went on, led by the magic of that enticing melody. Nearer and nearer, then far away it seemed, while the air throbbed and pulsated. At last, in the dim twilight I saw two maidens, far ahead, who danced and tripped in wanton glee, and beckoned as they sang. They wore the habits of modern bicyclists, but their hair was long and loose, while every movement was graceful and bewitching. I paused, now, as if to go back, at which they came a little nearer and sang and beckoned, then tripped away.

Finally we approached the daylight and they went out, through the wide mouth of the tunnel, into a green valley where waters sparkled and birds sang. As I came up I paused and looked about, for it was a beautiful sight. A park-like landscape stretched before me. Opposite, in the distance, was a snow-capped ridge, while to the right and to the left the valley led away in beautiful freshness. Two men now stepped out from concealment, one from each side of the cavern's mouth; and, as I glanced back, two other men were standing in the passage behind me. All were dark of skin and in dress half-Japanese, half-American Indian.

They were not hostile, however, as I soon discovered, for their leader came forward, prostrated himself, and then addressed me thus:

"Hail! child of the sun, lover of Yeni Diz, and future ruler of the people!"

I replied that I was not a child of the sun, but a plain American citizen who had come in to hear the music. He seemed to take little notice of this, but again cried:

"Hail! lover of Yeni Diz, the beautiful in song and fair as the snow on the mountain. Hail! children of light."

Being a little irritated at this seeming foolishness I retorted, "Fiddlesticks! Where is the old lady?"

He took no offense at this, but went to his companion and they began a slow and measured dance and song, proceeding up the valley and beckoning to me as they proceeded. As I started to follow, the two in the rear took up the melody and came lightly after us. As we passed a projecting point of rocks I looked back and saw a long line of workmen farther down the valley, each bearing a huge rock or a pail of mortar, approaching the mouth of the tunnel as if to seal it up. This did not give me much uneasiness, however, for I was confident I could find a mountain-pass by which I should be able to leave the valley when I wanted to do so.

What proved to be the palace of the queen soon came in sight. It was drawn up snug against the mountainside, with a green and shrubby lawn stretching from its base away toward the silver waters of the lake. The style of architecture appeared to be mediaeval and was quite imposing. Not a living being was in sight except my escort. These, still chanting, led me through a wide, arched passage into the spacious reception-room, where sat their queen.

On the right and on the left of the elevated platform, where she sat, were the two maidens whose bewitching song had enticed me into the valley. They were now silent and watchful. The queen had neither crown nor scepter. Her robes were snowy white, and her skin was fair indeed. Her hair was dark and fell loosely upon her shoulders. I saw that her features were regular, but her eyes seemed a little sad for one so young.

While I was making these observations I myself was being as keenly observed. My face, my stature, my strange dress, each seemed to be receiving its individual share of attention. I was being weighed in the balance—with more importance bearing on the result than I then knew. No one presented me; no one spoke. Presently the queen beckoned to one of the dark-skinned maidens near. She came in haste, and evidently received some message. The other maiden came quickly to the side of the queen also, then, turning, waved us from the room.

My escort hurried me away through a side passage to an open court, from which a long marble bath led down to the lake beyond. I was now shown to a sleeping apartment, opening on the court. A supper of fruits and vegetables was brought; after which, with considerable ceremony, they withdrew. Taking a

refreshing plunge in the royal bath-tub, I retired and, in a comfortable bed, slept soundly all night.

I awoke in the morning to the sound of music. In a sort of gallery on the farther side of the court, I saw the queen. A little way beyond were her dusky maids, one of whom was playing an instrument like a guitar. The music now ceased, and the three withdrew.

When I had arisen and descended to the court, the queen reappeared and approached the rustic seat on which I was sitting. I arose to receive her.

"Child of the sun, and chosen of the ruling race," she exclaimed, "what message dost thou bring from my father?"

"Indeed, fair queen," I replied, "I do not know your father."

"Then who sent you here—and for what, in the likeness of him of whom I have dreamed?"

"No one sent me. This is all chance, and you must be looking for another man."

"That cannot be. My father was always full of merry deceit when he knew that I would understand."

"Where is your father?"

"He has gone to the Unknown Land. I am the last of my race—the white-skinned rulers. He promised to send another to me on my twentieth summer, when the berries on the mountain-ash grew golden. They are all golden now, and yesterday I found one bunch that was crimson. Then I knew that you would come."

This childlike simplicity touched me. Although a queen, I saw that she was practically alone in the world, and I determined to be her friend.

I then drew from her the history of her subjects and that of the ruling white race, now so nearly extinct. She had never heard of the world outside of the little valley in which her people lived. The mountains surrounding them had kept the world out and themselves in. It was a passless barrier that none had ever scaled. The tunnel-like cave, through which I had come, had never before been trod except by royalty. Through it her ancestors had come. Then it had been walled up and kept walled up until lately.

I was in an amusing dilemma, one which I did not dare explain again. I knew that I was not a royal personage from the sun, but these people had refused to think me anything less. I feared the effect of the shock upon the queen, and the upsetting of the theory of the divine right of the whites. Unable to decide at once upon the proper thing to do, I therefore sought delay. One of the maids now brought us fruit, and the musician played while we ate.

I chanced to glance out across the lake, where I saw a company of workmen erecting a large balloon-like tent on the summit of a grassless mound. I inquired about this, but could not get a distinct understanding of the nature of the work or of the ceremony which she said was about to be performed there. I expressed a desire to visit the place, upon which the queen decided to go with me. Ere we had proceeded many rods the workmen, doubtless receiving some signal, disappeared as if by magic, and I saw no more of them that day. As we approached the mound I noticed that it was an artificial work, much like the burial-mounds which I had observed scattered all through the Upper Mississippi Valley; only it was without grass and apparently newly made. Upon its summit was erected the white, oval-shaped tent—which, indeed, might have passed for a balloon with a very wide and open throat. In the freshly-stirred soil directly under the center of this tent were two cavities three or four feet deep and about as far apart. After much questioning, I learned that in Dizland it had

always been the custom for the royal bride and groom to spend the first day covered to the chin in these pits. They were thus buried to the past; and whether their after lives proved happy or miserable, at death they were returned here for burial. I saw a dozen or more of these mounds along the lake, all but this one grass-grown and green. These, I was told, were royal sepulchers. And this one was in part designed for me.

The adventure had already assumed a serious aspect. I had no intention of marrying Yeni Diz, fair though she was. There was another, back in my own country, whom I loved and had promised to wed. I was determined to keep my word, even though it upset the whole theory of government in Dizland. This is the strongest proof that I have ever had that men and women are, so to speak, made for each other in pairs. Here was a comely maiden—

The country through which I passed was like a park, but contained many pretty cottages. These had thrifty garden-patches, the owners of which were nowhere to be seen. At each front gate, however, was a basket of delicious fruit and a jar of cold water, apparently placed there for wayfarers. As I neared the mountains the arable land sloped up gradually, then abruptly terminated in the perpendicular wall that surrounded the valley. Not a mountain-pass, nor even an accessible notch, did I find in all that day's walk about the lower valley. It was as if the Creator himself had walled in this little plat of land on which to preserve the last living representatives of the mound builders. And who shall say that these seeming accidents are not part of the original plan?

It was late in the afternoon when I had completed the exploration and passed near the entrance through which I had come on the pre-

ain ridge that so greatly interested me during the day. I frankly said that I was looking for a way out. She replied that there was none; that the ridge was the edge of the world, and that all was blackness beyond.

"Is it the same in the upper valley?" I asked.

"Precisely," she replied. "Storms and darkness alone are beyond. The eagles that fly over, drop to a bottomless abyss and are lost. How would it be with us, then, who have no wings?"

Soon after this she spoke timidly of the approaching ceremony, which would make me joint ruler of Dizland and a full-fledged mound-builder.

Now, I had determined to delay this event, and had thought that some religious ceremony would help me out. At least, it seemed the most plausible way of explaining the delay to a people whom I had reason to believe were



"The Queen had neither crown nor scepter. Her robes were snowy white, and her skin was fair indeed."

a queen, with soft voice and winning ways—with all the personal graces and little charms which are supposed to make maidens attractive in the sight of men, yet, though she desired to do so, she was unable to arouse any sentiment of affection in me. Like people we read about in novels, I was unable to go where my affections did not follow. Not even the allurements of a brief sojourn here moved me. Even the tinsel of royalty was lost, for I belonged to another woman.

As I reflected, it seemed that I must have time for further thought; so I asked to be left alone. This the queen consented to; but I am quite sure that she set the four attendants who had first escorted me to her, to watch me; for all that day, as I wandered through the lower valley, they shadowed my every movement, and, though never obtrusively near, they were ever in sight.

After parting with the queen, I struck across the valley toward the opposite mountain range.

vious day. The masonry which closed this portal was of a very substantial kind and firmly set; but no attempt had been made to conceal it, and it must have been known generally to the inhabitants of the valley. Just above this closed passage I noticed that the lines of the mountain-ridge made the greatest dip that I had yet discovered. Indeed, this seemed to be the doorway through which the robins and hawks entered and left the valley. There was a strong current of air passing over, as shown by flying leaves and vegetable downs. If I had possessed wings, this would have been my way of escape also.

As I looked about, my eyes rested upon the balloon-like tent, perched upon the neighboring mound. Here was a desperate chance!

That evening, after I had rested and refreshed myself with another plunge in the royal bath, the queen sent for me. I went, and was received most affectionately. She asked me what I had discovered in the mount-

more or less superstitious. Accordingly, I asked permission to begin such a ceremony on the morrow, explaining it as best I could. I had, indeed, determined to make it a regular Sioux pow-wow, if one noisy and active man could do that. I therefore asked that fire and water be brought to the tented mound, together with a freshly-killed owl—emblem of wisdom in the land whence I came. This was promised me, although the queen expressed regret that I could not forget the customs of the past on the eve of the new and important relation that I was about to assume.

On the following morning I repaired to the tent and, to my delight, found that my request had already been complied with. The material for the fire consisted of a sparkless and nearly smokeless punk, which was capable of producing great heat. Here, also, were ornamented water-jars and cups, together with a freshly-killed owl, still warm from its haunts in the mountains. I had already observed that the

wind was no longer blowing toward the mountain-pass; a perfect calm had settled down upon the valley. I therefore decided that my attempt to escape should not be made that day, but that the ceremony should be a sort of preliminary movement leading up to it; and, knowing that I was watched, I began preparations for it. I first gathered the punk in the middle of the tent and set it on fire. I then sprinkled everything about, singing "John Brown" as I did so.

In the fresh soil around the tent, and several feet from it, I now drew a ring, in which I placed several plumes from the owl's wings. With a chant and a sort of hop-and-skip step, I then passed from plume to plume, taking up one and putting another in its place. All this time the fire was burning splendidly. Inside of the tent the air became hot as a furnace, and the balloon-like structure tugged at its stakes with every rope. It had proved its ability to hold hot air, and that it had sufficient lifting power. This, of course, was the object of all my efforts, the ceremony being but a mask. I now stopped my antics and extinguished the fire, well satisfied with the result.

That night the queen questioned me regarding the objects of the different features of the ceremony, and my ingenuity was put to a severe test. I trust that the recording angel will blot out my statements on this occasion, for I am sure they were meant to deceive. I learned now, with some consternation, that the ceremony of state could not be delayed beyond the third day. I therefore began to look anxiously for a favorable wind. The second day was as calm as the first. I went through with my performance, however, much as on the first day, but, in addition, had a large, hooked stake driven in the earth in the center of the tent. To this I attached many of the guy ropes and practiced weaving them in the form of a basket, in which an aeronaut might sit. This, I feared, had excited suspicions, for one of the old men came up and shook his head, as if to condemn it.

That night I told the queen that the spirit of wisdom had not made known his pleasure to me yet, and I asked permission to consult him again on the following morning, before the ceremony of state took place. This was granted to me, as I knew anything reasonable would be.

On the morning following everything about the palace was bustle and life. On the distant slopes I could see masses of people; but the wind was favorable for me, and I was not downhearted. I took an affectionate leave of the queen, telling her that if the owl did not bear me away to the land whence I came, I would return to her soon. She laughed at the thought of so small a bird carrying so great a weight. She was not superstitious, as I had already seen, and she seemed to humor me in my ceremony, as a parent humors a child. But, because I believed this parting would be the final one, I tried to make it as affectionate as was becoming. She, on the other hand, I was convinced, looked upon it as a foolish delay which kept her from the one whom years of waiting and idealizing had caused her to worship. However, she was not impatient with me, either by look or by word.

Things worked favorably that morning. It was but the work of a few minutes to fill the balloon with hot air to the bursting-point. While I was constructing the basket the balloon swayed and tugged as if it would fly away. I managed to keep my seat in it, though, while I loosened it from the stake, and away we went. Up we shot like an arrow. How the air rushed by, and how the earth dropped away beneath me! My whole frame trembled with emotion. All was silent at first; then a great cry came up

from below. The people were running in all directions, and the valley was beautiful indeed. The air current which led toward the mountain-pass now caught the balloon, and, lifting it far over, hurried it on. Two ropes became untied from the basket and swung away and dangled in space. I feared that this might permit of an escape of hot air, but the balloon righted itself and we moved steadily on. Like a bird weary in its flight, however, it seemed to falter as it neared the mountain ridge. I was afraid that it would not rise again, but a sudden puff of wind lifted it, the basket cleared, and I could now see the long, even slope leading down to the outer country. We shot out, free from the mountain, in the strong air current, then set-



led a little, descended rapidly, and I dropped into a grassy marsh, shivering with cold and the reaction of the mental strain, but realizing that I was safe.

TRANSFORMED.

As I came to my work this morning
I looked on the funniest world.
It seemed that the night-time fairies
Had millions of flags unfurled;
The fences and sheds were covered,
The bars and the wooden posts
Stood wearing their plumed chapeaus
Like Whittier's sheeted ghosts.

"What, ho!" cried I, as I looked aloft
Like a sailor adrift from shore,
For night had hidden the worker's hand,
But day had opened the door.
Low bent the spruce and the balsam boughs,
White were the snow-kissed woods,
And every branch of the orchard trees
Wore soft little ermine hoods.

The chickadees sang as they flew about
And dipped in the banks of snow;
The first bright gleam from the eastern sky
Made all of the world aglow;
And into my heart it touched the keys
That wakened a glad song -
So deep that I could not form in words
Its melody loud and long.

Oh, woe to the poor old hermit heart,
So cased in its miser hoard,
That it will not gladden and swell with joy
When feasting from nature's board!
And, ho! to the land replete with life—
The life of the flower-decked sod,
Whose every change is a mystic shrine
Raised up by the hand of God!

Waltham, Vt.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

A VALENTINE.

Sister Mary Angeline
'S got a pretty valentine—
Postman didn't bring it, though,
When he tramped through the snow;
For I watched him shake his head,
Laugh and wink at Mary's Fred,
Sayin': "Mary Angeline
Doesn't need a valentine."

Wonder what the postman meant?
If a valentine was sent,
Who delivered it, and when?
All I know is, Uncle Ben
Looked at Mary's Fred and laughed
When I asked if Doctor Taft
Brought the pretty valentine
To our Mary Angeline.

I hain't seen it, 'cause they say
Little boys must keep away—
Jest as if a kid like me
Couldn't be allowed to see!
Hello! something's cryin', now—
Kickin' up an awful row.
Maybe that's the valentine
Sent to Mary Angeline.

Rush City, Minn.

FRANKLYN W. LEE.

THE LOST DAYS.

I wandered back to my lost days—
Back to the place where those first rays
Of love's young sun peeped o'er the hill
To a deepsome vale, for I loved them still.

The hills were there—they were old hills;
The sun still shone—'twas an old sun;
The vale not deep, and the lost one
Came not again, nor the old thrills.

Love that was there was a rare love;
Never again—no, no more love
Cometh to you or cometh to me
A sweetness as sweet as a memory.

Kind were the greetings of old friends
Drifting in peace along the years,
But that was gone which a glamour lends;
I was clear-sighted after the tears.

Turn you not back for a last view,
For a fairy veil may fall from you,
And the pictured heaven vouchsafed you here,
Touched, like the bubble, may disappear.

Bozeman, Mont.

L. A. OSBORNE.

AFFAIRE D'AMOUR.

Oh, he kissed me! Yes, he did—
On the cheek.

And my falling lashes hid
Eyes so meek.

And the blood with quickening rush
Changed the spot to rosy flush;
Oh, what secrets in a blush
Women speak!

Where the oak and ivy grown
Round it twine,
When the silver dewdrops shone
On the vine,

Said my lover, "See yon star
Hanging where the moonbeams are—
'All is fair in love and war,'
Emeline!"

And he kissed me, while I gazed;
Was it fair?
Honest Cupid was amazed,
I declare.

Modest maidens, near and far,
Oh, what stratagems there are!
"All is fair in love and war;"
So, beware!

Chicago, Ill.

A. GLANVILLE.

LOVE AND JUNE.

Alone beneath the shining stars
We stood beside the meadow bars;
The cow-bells tinkled in the wood,
The river sang an interlude;
The drowsy summer night did seem
A setting fit for love's young dream.
Oh, June so sweet!
Oh, Love so fleet!

And, oh, that Love and June might last!

Alone beneath the winter's stars
I stood beside the meadow bars;
Stilled was the cow-bell's tinkling tune,
No more the river sang its rune;
The summer glory all was fled,
And love was gone—'twas chilled and dead.
Oh, June so sweet!
Oh, Love so fleet!

And, oh, for June and Love both past!

Rock Elm, Wis.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

THE SWINOMISH OAT-LANDS IN WESTERN WASHINGTON.

By Susan Lord Currier.

There is a screen of heavy trees all about the Swinomish grain-fields, that the gold of the harvest may impress you the more when you come upon this lovely valley stretching off to the north. "There are no grain-fields like these, none," you say if you are a stranger, and a thousand times more fervently you make the same assertion if you know, from long acquaintance, the wonderful magic of the soil. The land has all been made by the action of the tide. Twenty-five years ago the water rose twice a day and covered the Swinomish flats; then the pioneer came with his spade and shovel and laid the foundations for future prosperity. Now, no one ever remembers the tides, except in the spring of the year, when there is a neighborhood rally and everyone turns out to work on the dikes and to make everything safe and snug for the high spring tides.

The usual size of the Swinomish farm is one hundred and sixty acres; many farmers have twice and even thrice this number, but seldom indeed does one find a farm less in extent. There is a pleasant air of prosperity about the farm homes, and the practice of a reasonable degree of economy and the exercise of good business judgment throughout the farm management, ought, it would seem, to give these oat-growers a leading position among the most prosperous farmers in Washington.

The farm-houses are in close touch with the town of LaConner, whose avowed purpose in life is to supply the wants of the farmers. Macadamized roads make traveling a delight, and in the summer evenings the thoroughfares are alive with buggies and carriages of all descriptions and an ever increasing number of bicycles.

When the winter rains have ceased and spring has come, the farmers set the ball of farming moving again. The large, strong horses go back and forth across the fields, and daily the faded yellow of the stubble disappears and the rich brown of the freshly-turned soil takes its place. The harrows and cultivators loosen the earth, the seeders bury the shining oats beneath the surface, the heavy rollers smooth

down the fields in the final ceremony of benediction, and the great work of putting in the spring crops is over for the year. Time, on a Swinomish farm, is reckoned from the important events in the history of a crop,—the putting-in or the harvesting or the threshing of this year's crop or the crop last year or that of the year before. The family merry-makings and the invited guests are expected to come at a season when the farm work is not pressing. In the lull following seeding-time the farmer is not idle by any means. He goes to the woods and cuts stove-wood and engine wood for the summer. He keeps his children busy after school and on Saturdays hoeing the garden, and when his cabbages need transplanting and his carrots and beets need thinning, he takes a turn in the garden himself, and perhaps engages a hired man or two. The garden is always planted under protest, and because the women of the household insist upon it. The reason, no doubt, is because gardening seems so small in comparison with the rest of the agricultural pursuits.

June is the month of strawberries, and then it is you forget all about the wonderful yield of oats and remember only the wonderful yield of this most delicious of berries. It is a delight, never to be forgotten, to sit down at some farm-table and eat of Swinomish strawberries covered with the good, thick cream affected by Swinomish farmers. From June until late in the fall, the farm-table is never without its freshly-gathered berries, or fruit from the orchard.

Haying is the first thing on the programme for the summer. The Fourth of July usually calls the farmers from the hay-fields. In every meadow the most astonishingly large hay-stacks are erected; tons and tons of hay are raised every year on the flats. There is a short breathing spell after haying, and then the farmers open their machine-houses and once more bring forth the ponderous self-binders. The clumsy drapers are patched and everything is put in order. Five and six horses to a binder make light work. The whole country is

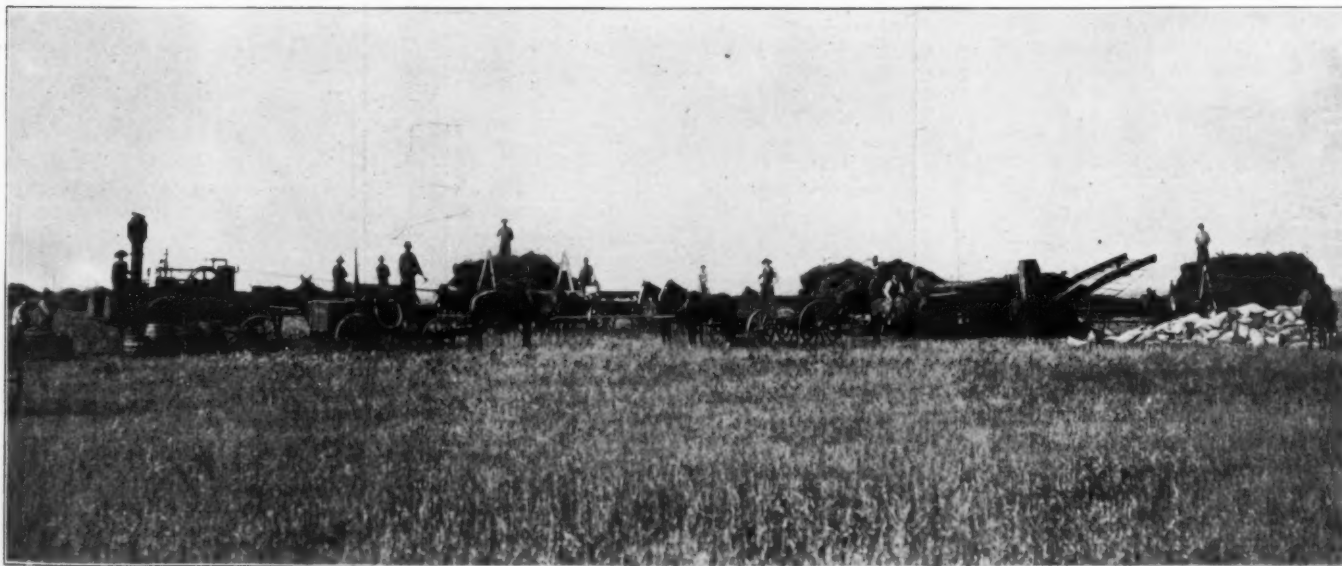
merry with the hum of binders, and the golden grain stretches away until the whole world seems a blaze of yellow with occasional lines of vivid green—where the crab-apple trees grow along the dikes and fences. All is bustle and confusion on the farm from early morning until late at night. Until the oats are stowed away safely in the large granaries on the Swinomish slough and a sister slough, it is work without ceasing, but a joyous festival of work, notwithstanding. The threshing-machines move from one farm to another with their crews numbering twenty-five to thirty men, the tables groan with good things to eat, and every one seems happy.

For days before it is time for threshing, men from all parts of the State crowd into La Conner in search of employment in the harvest-fields. Then it is that the steamers plying between Seattle and La Conner do a brisk business, for there are not only the farm-hands to be brought, but there are all the summer groceries for the farmers, the twine for the binders, and the thousands of sacks which, later on, will be filled with the newly-threshed oats. A hundred bushels to the acre is considered a good yield, but there are farms that have gone a hundred and twenty and even more. It is not surprising that the Swinomish farmer considers his soil the very richest in the world.

While the grain is still in the shock, the wily grain-buyers come down from Seattle to bargain for the crops. The hardest problem of the farmer's life is deciding when to sell; there is always the chance that oats may be higher in the winter, and there is also a chance that they may be lower. If the pressure of his unpaid bills is more than he can stand, then the oats are sold early in the season.

The steamers come to the warehouses on the sloughs, and load with hay and oats. The draw-bridges swing back and forth, and the novel sight of a steamer apparently picking its way across the very fields is not at all uncommon in the fall and winter. Everything is done on a big scale in this land of big crops. The farmers have not learned even the alphabet of small economies, but perhaps they will learn all these things as the years go by.

Dearer almost than life itself to these Western farmers are the Swinomish oat-lands. If ever a farmer wanders away, he is forever filled with unrest until he is again under the spell of waving fields and forests of green trees.



A THRESHING SCENE ON THE SWINOMISH FLATS, NEAR LA CONNER, WASHINGTON.

"A hundred bushels to the acre is considered a good yield, but there are farms that have gone a hundred and twenty and even more."



At the Head of the Lakes.

During 1896, 278,459 cars of freight were handled in Duluth, an increase of 31,644 cars over the preceding year. Among the principal commodities handled at Duluth and Superior were 113,825 cars of grain, 90,614 cars of coal, 11,720 cars of lumber, 9,357 cars of flour and feed, 3,486 cars of manufactured iron and machinery, and 1,263 cars of groceries.

Washington Potatoes and Hay.

Two strong points in favor of Washington farming are found in the report of the United States Department of Agriculture for November. The average yield per acre of Irish potatoes last year was 116 bushels; average quality, 96 per cent. The average yield of hay per acre was 3.09 tons; average quality, 104 per cent. The average yield of potatoes per acre, for the United States, was 86.6 bushels. The average yield of hay per acre in the United States, is 1.36 tons. This clearly shows where Washington stands as a farming State.—*Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise.*

North Dakota Celery.

The Hope (N. D.) *Pioneer* says that celery of an excellent quality is grown every year by Hon. E. D. Wallace on his farm near that town. It is very tender, possesses a fine flavor, and is quite superior to the Eastern and Southern product. Really, no difficulty should be experienced in raising celery in North Dakota. Celery is not so tender a plant as many suppose it to be. It is cultivated to perfection in the neighboring State of Nebraska, and it is also a product of the valleys in the Black Hills. It used to be considered a sort of hot-house plant, but a little knowledge and care will enable almost any farmer to prepare a celery bed that will yield satisfactory returns.

Boundless Feminine Enterprise.

The following bit of enterprise shows that women are not to be excluded from the more hazardous speculative ventures of the business world. A Spokane (Wash.) paper says that the Woman's Northwest Mining and Investment Company, which was recently incorporated in that city with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, does not intend to let the grass grow under the directors' feet. As a proof of this they now have an expert in the Trail Creek District looking over several properties. Miss Georgie Stone has gone to San Francisco to start a branch office of the company there, and she will also visit Portland and open another branch office in that metropolis. It is the intention of the ladies to establish offices in Seattle, St. Paul, Chicago and New York.

Homestead Entries in North Dakota.

The Jamestown (N. D.) *Capital* says that a surprising showing was made in the number of homestead entries in North Dakota during the past year, the total number of acres entered by homesteaders at the five land offices aggregating 442,000 acres as against 265,000 acres entered for homestead purposes in 1895. At the Bismarck land office the increase was from

17,000 acres in 1895 to 97,877 acres in 1896; at the Devil's Lake office from 63,000 acres to 166,000 and at the Fargo office from 62,000 acres to 74,900. Slight decreases are noticed at the Grand Forks and Minot offices, the total of Grand Forks being 106,000 acres against 109,500 acres in 1895. The land-office statistics show that at the present time there are 22,353,000 acres of public lands remaining in North Dakota, of which 12,370,000 acres have been surveyed.

Reservation Opening in Northwestern Montana.

It is quite certain that a large tract of public lands in the State of Montana will be opened for settlement during the year 1897. The lands embrace a portion of the immense Blackfeet Indian Reservation lying in the northwestern part of the State. Some of it is good for agricultural purposes, but the larger portion is more valuable for its mineral deposits. The entire area is said to be well adapted for stock-ranges. Just when these lands will be thrown open to settlement will depend on the policy of the new Secretary of the Interior, since it is hardly probable that it will come to pass during the present administration. The tract is estimated to embrace about 800,000 acres. For this the Government will pay \$1,500,000, or less than \$2 per acre. The Indian office intends to prosecute the work of surveying as early as possible in the spring, and hopes to have the lands opened and settled upon before the approach of the winter of 1897. It is too early to predict just what terms will be offered to settlers, but it is very probable that the lands will be subject to pre-emption and homestead entry, and if the free homestead legislation prevails during this session of Congress, there will be a rush to the new Blackfeet Reservation during next summer.

Chicory Culture in Washington.

In the little town of Alpha in Lewis County, Wash., is a man who is preparing to go into chicory culture on a large scale. His name is Cruender, and he is the local postmaster. Mr. Cruender, who is a German by birth, has the advantages of a scientific education and has made chicory culture a specialty. He has informed the *Chehalis Bee*, of the same county, that the cultivation of the root in that State is certain to prove very profitable. At first his operations were confined to California, but, failing there, he went to Washington and settled in Alpha, where he has been experimenting for several years. The trial of American seed resulted in failure for a year or two. Then he sent to Germany for seed, a measure which has resulted in complete success. Not long ago he sent samples of his product, prepared for the market, to a number of wholesalers in various parts of the country, and now he has several letters from large buyers who inform him that if he can produce such an article of chicory he will have no trouble in selling it at the highest market price. Several farmers near Alpha will raise chicory the coming season, Mr. Cruender having contracted to pay them \$5 a ton for the roots, delivered at his place. In all, there will be fifty acres of chicory grown at Alpha this season.

It is pleasing to this magazine to be able to chronicle enterprises of this nature. For some time past we have taken the ground that chicory culture ought to succeed as well in the Coast States and in the sandy portions of the Dakotas as it does in Nebraska, where certain counties, settled by Germans, have for years found it the most profitable crop that can be grown. The chicory of commercial value has a long, carrot-like root of a dirty or brownish-yellow color, white within. The stem rises two to five feet, and the leaves resemble those of

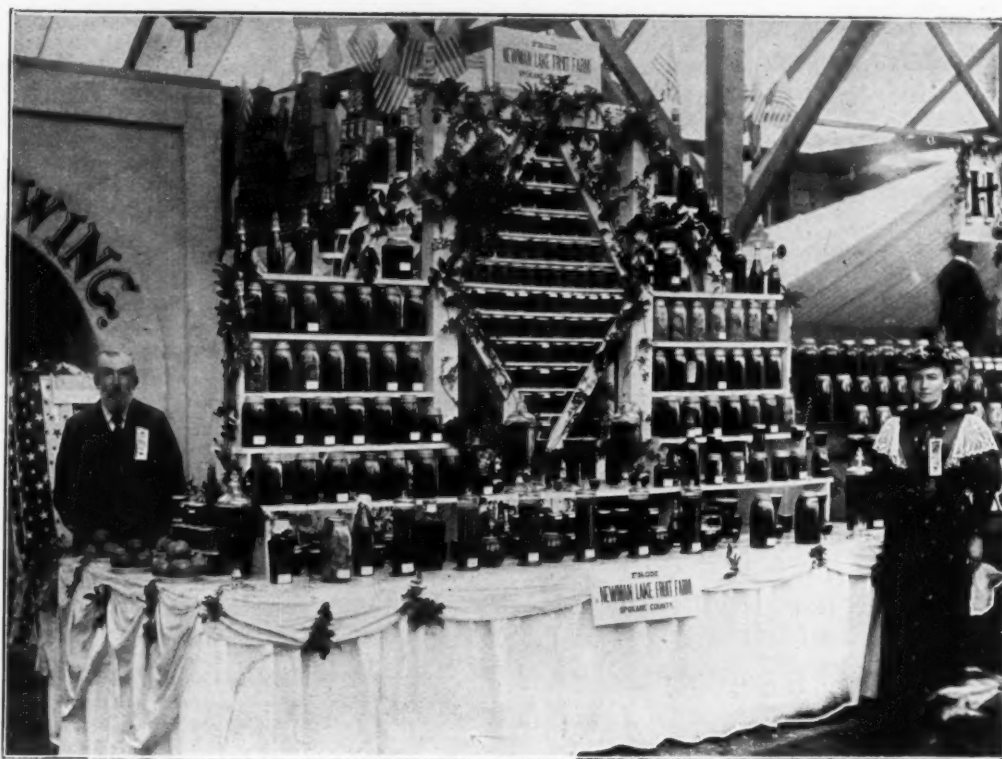
the dandelion. The flowers are rather large, quite beautiful, and generally blue. Sometimes the blanched leaves are used as a salad. The chief value of the plant, however, lies in its root, which is now almost universally mixed with coffee. For this purpose the roots are dried and roasted in heated iron cylinders, which are kept revolving as in coffee-roasting. While the root is being roasted, the addition of a couple of pounds of lard or butter for every hundred weight of chicory gives to it the general appearance of coffee.

Agitating a Big Canal Scheme.

The proposition to call the attention of Congress to the building of a canal from the Lake of the Woods to the Red River of the North is not by any means a new project. The matter was made very prominent a few years ago by Hon. Halvor Steenerson at a meeting held in Grand Forks, N. D., by the business men of the Northwest. The opening up of a waterway that would connect the richest wheat valley of the world with an outlet through Lake of the Woods, up Rainy River and thence through the chain of lakes reaching to Lake Superior, says the *Roseau (Minn.) Times*, would be an undertaking which would eventually develop a country rich in mineral resources and timber, and whose waters would yield rich returns to fishermen. The scheme is practicable, and a preliminary survey of the route would furnish a report of information well worth the expense. Take your map, glance along the northern border of the great State of Minnesota, run your eye along the line from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior, and you will see the outline of a country but little explored and whose hidden wealth of mineral awaits the touch of American enterprise. It is proposed that the Government take the first steps in exploring this vast unknown territory; and no better method could be employed than for Congress to make an appropriation for a survey. Congressman Eddy has already given this matter some attention, and he will no doubt enlist the Duluth congressmen in the matter and make an effort to secure favorable legislation therefor. The feasibility of building a canal from the Lake of the Woods to the Red River of the North is so apparent, and the cost of a preliminary survey and estimate of the cost of construction would be so small a matter, that Congressman Eddy thinks he will have but little trouble in securing an appropriation for the purpose.

Home Trade Enterprise.

In St. Paul and in Minneapolis, Fargo, Grand Forks, Helena, Spokane and every Northwestern town that has industries of its own, commercial clubs, newspapers and individuals are advocating the home-trade idea with all the vigor which usually attaches to novel propositions of a popular character. Boiled down, the home-trade idea, as apparently understood and advocated by the generality of people, is a selfish idea. It means a boycott on all goods and materials that are not manufactured in one's own town or State. It means an act of hostility against neighboring States and municipalities whose helpful friendship and generosity have been manifested on scores of occasions, and whose superior wealth and population buys and consumes what the younger, but purely producing, States have to sell. As a matter of fact there can be no home trade, save in a national sense. All States are interdependent. No one State produces, nor can it produce, all it needs. In a broad sense,—not in a sectional sense,—the States of the Northwest may consistently make special efforts to support one another's industries. The interests of these commonwealths are intermingled and identi-



HENRY WENDLER'S SPOKANE FRUIT FAIR EXHIBIT FROM THE NEWMAN LAKE FRUIT FARM, TWENTY MILES EAST OF SPOKANE, WASH.

Mr. Wendler, formerly of Youngstown, Ohio, is a progressive fruit-grower. While he devotes his time and energies to the cultivation of fruits, his wife seconds his efforts by superintending their manufacture into choice jams, jellies and canned goods. These products are then sold direct to consumers, thus enabling the grower to realize all the profits—the producer's, canner's and dealer's.

cal. More populous Minnesota needs the wheat and other products of the Dakotas and Montana and the fruits of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and it is right that she should prefer those products. On the other side of the picture are Minnesota's vast wholesale and manufacturing industries—an aggregation of capital and enterprise which her sister Northwestern States cannot hope to compass for years to come. Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Montana and the Dakotas need the goods and advantages afforded by these great warehouses and factories, and it is right that Minnesota's markets should be preferred to Eastern markets. The Northwestern idea of home trade should be broad enough to take in all the interdependent States between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast. The practical carrying out of the cry of Washington for Washingtonian's or of Minnesota for Minnesotians would soon result in limited production, a dearth of progress, loss of home comforts and inevitable dry rot. Such home trade is not desirable.

Washington's 1897 Fruit-Crop.

Timid alarmists and those who have a chronic fear of disaster—seeing it in every frost and sitting up nights in watchful anticipation of its stealthy approach, have been circulating stories to the effect that fruit-trees in the State of Washington had been damaged beyond hope of salvation and that the 1897 fruit-crop would be found wanting in every respect.

That all such talk is sheer nonsense is shown clearly by the recent report of Washington's ex-secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, C. A. Tonneson, who is also editor of the *Northwestern Horticulturist*. Mr. Tonneson made a trip through Walla Walla, Yakima and Kittitas counties, examined the fruit-trees carefully and makes the statement that they appear to be uninjured. Pursuing his investigation he was told by many fruit-growers in those

counties that their trees were all right and fruit prospects bright.

Still another favorable report is made by Dr. N. G. Blalock, of Walla Walla, one of the most extensive and successful fruit-growers in the State. He says that the recent foggy weather there was the salvation of the fruit-trees. Many trees that were thought ruined by the severe cold of November are now coming out sound as a dollar. "With the possible exception of the peach buds," the doctor says, "fruit prospects are good."

Some Figures from Washington.

From the annual reviews that come to us from the State of Washington it is clearly shown that the past year, viewed from an industrial and commercial standpoint, was superior in every respect to the season of 1895. Lumber exports for the year amounted to 171,053,000 feet, valued at \$1,504,455. Wheat exports of 3,259,128 bushels, valued at \$2,217,455 and shipped to fourteen countries, represented the State's contribution of that raw cereal to other lands. Nine countries received 535,025 barrels of Washington flour, worth \$1,553,966. The fish industry of the State yielded a return of \$3,200,000, and packing-house products are valued at \$1,500,000. Coal mines constitute another valuable source of wealth, the output last year having been 1,150,000 tons, valued at \$3,500,000. From 60,000 acres of fruit-lands, only 20,000 acres of which are bearing, a \$2,000,000-crop was gathered. Dairy products were worth \$1,500,000. The value of the total lumber cut of 500,000,000 feet and the shingle cut of 2,250,000,000, was \$7,000,000. The lumber industry employs 10,000 men. The State has a timber area of 20,000,000 acres, upon which is now standing more than 400,000,000 feet of good lumber material. In the State is school property valued at \$4,837,413. Over 2,293 vessels cleared from Washington ports last year for al-

most every country on the globe. They bring in tea, silks and other foreign products, and carry out Washington wheat, flour, lumber, and vast quantities of assorted merchandise from the East and West. The larger cities have all experienced a creditable growth. Manufacturing and wholesale lines both show decided gains over 1895. Dairying, though in its infancy in Washington, is fast becoming one of the leading industries. In 1896 some seventy creameries and cheese factories reported an aggregate output of 1,838,657 pounds of butter, valued at \$367,731.40, and 554,123 pounds of cheese, valued at \$55,412.30, a total of \$423,143.70. In 1895 over 700,000 pounds of butter and about 80,000 pounds of cheese were imported to supply home consumption; in 1896 these figures were reduced by at least one-half.

A State that can make so good a showing in a year that was full of discouraging circumstances, may well be expected to make mighty strides when the natural laws of the business world shall have adjusted themselves to new conditions. The mines of Washington, Idaho, British Columbia and the Yukon fields in Alaska, together with the rapidly increasing traffic with the Orient and other foreign countries, are certain to create an ever-growing demand for whatever products the State may have to spare. Washington is too young to have more than it already has, but the people are ambitious to accomplish more. Happily, their present aspirations all point industrial-ward and are utilitarian in character. There is a strong and reasonable demand for beet-sugar factories, for instance. The soil is well adapted to the industry, and the Coast States and other countries will afford markets for all the sugars that can be produced. Little by little the resources of the State will be developed, until at last it shall be what the Creator intended it to be—the great storehouse of the Pacific Northwest.



Some Huge Compliments.

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus:

"We have received a basket of oranges from our friend, Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."—*Farago (N. D.) Forum.*

Successful Advertising.

The Jackson County, N. D., *Times* says that Sampson, the strongest man, whom we read about in the good book, was the first man to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, when several thousand people tumbled to his scheme and he brought down the house.

Only a Cake Walk.

A story is told of a young lady in town who had eaten too much pastry on Christmas. Feeling a rising sensation in her stomach, she sought the open air. "Are you sick, dear?" inquired the anxious mother. "Only a little 'cake walk,' mother," she replied, as she tripped along the walk with clenched teeth.—*New Northwest, Deer Lodge, Mont.*

A War of the Clans.

A good story is told by the Pendleton (Or.) *East Oregonian*. A widower near that town married a widow. Both had small children when they married, and both broods were at once brought under the same roof by the marriage ceremony. A few years afterwards a neighbor, going by the family residence of the couple, heard a voice say:

"Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard; your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

Jim hurried, and several lives were saved.

Montana Legislative Wit.

It seems probable that the wit of the present lower house of the State Legislature is going to turn out to be Editor R. X. Lewis of the *Valley County Gazette*, who represents Valley County. Mr. Lewis made his bid for fame Monday, the opening day. The desks of the members had been supplied, by the kindness of the furnishing board, with a full complement of writing materials, paper and envelopes, and the like. It seemed strange to a member who sat near Mr. Lewis, and who wasn't sure whether it was all right or not.

"Say, Lewis," he said. "How is this? Does all this go?"

"Of course not," replied Lewis. "Don't you see that it is stationery?"—*Helena Independent.*

Extreme Courtesy.

It requires a great deal of self control, says the *St. Paul Globe*, to sit down real hard and undignifiedly on a slippery sidewalk and get up without embellishing the atmosphere with exclamation points of more or less staccato rendition and slack morality. A young man who is one of the most promising candidates for reading clerk of the house of representatives, however, takes the palm in this respect. He was electioneering, a few days ago, when he slipped on an icy step and dropped on the flag like a load of—well, brick. Convulsed with laughter,

two or three by-standers picked him up. There was reproach in his look, but none in his manner as, with the courtliness of a dancing-master, he rejoined:

"Gentlemen, the pleasure is all mine."

Physiology as She is Taught.

A twelve-year-old boy wrote the following composition on breath: "Breath is made of air. We always breathe with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath, we should die whenever we slept. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get outdoors; for a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid, and carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad-dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite; but that does not matter so long as it kills you."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Oregon Dentistry.

"When I was traveling through Southeastern Oregon last month," said Attorney W. W. McNair to a friend in Spokane, "I found myself in a small village and with a large toothache. I found the local dentist, with his whirligig engine that resembled a small lathe, at the livery-stable clipping a horse.

"Do you treat teeth?" I asked.

"Course! What do you suppose I'm here for?" he replied, in a nettled tone.

"Well, I have one that needs attention."

"Want it pulled or plugged?" he asked.

"I want it treated. How do you treat a tooth that is aching?"

"Pull it or plug it."

"I think this could be saved if it had proper treatment.

"Want it plugged, then. What is it—jaw-tooth or gnawer?" And he tried to force a finger that was covered with dirt and horsehair into my mouth. I had grown a trifle suspicious of him, so thought I would find out what sort of work he did.

"Do you do bridge work?" I asked.

"Not since I been practicin'. I did build a bridge across Crow Creek when I was ranchin', but I mostly confine myself to draggin' fangs, doctorin' horses, and barberin'."

"Do you ever transplant teeth?"

"Say, I tried that once, but she didn't work! Ole Bil Robi'son had a tooth that was achin' an' he wanted it pulled. I got the wrong tooth. I tried to put her back, but Bill hollered an cut up so that I thought I'd try to transplant it.

"So I sawed off the snags an riveted it to Bill's plate o' false teeth; but she wouldn't work. The first time Bill bit a bone with it, the tooth swung around in the rivet and he bit a hole in the roof of his mouth as big as a hazel-nut."

"I concluded not to have my tooth treated. The dentist was sorry, and told me that 'if it was holler to heat a knittin-needle hot an poke it in the tooth, or hold a chaw o' terbacker in my mouth.'"

The Cathode Ray.

Wonderful things have been revealed by the Roentgen rays, but it was never thought that they would be brought into the realm of saw-milling. The following from an exchange dispels all doubts on the matter and also shows that even further development of the X rays can be looked for at any minute. The exchange says:

"Scientists in all parts of the habitable globe have been experimenting with the cathode ray since Professor Roentgen made his marvelous discovery public, and many wonderful powers have been found to reside therein. It has re-

mained for Professor Weddison of the Technological College of Speudunk, however, to make the most wonderful discovery of all.

"Professor Weddison concentrates the cathode ray on a revolving disk of glass, the disk being serrated all around its edge with saw-teeth. Then if the ray so concentrated be allowed to pass through the disk and fall upon a log of wood, the timber is immediately sawed in two, just as though a circular saw had passed the log in the usual manner.

"A slight change in the adjustment will bring the ray an inch or two further along the log, as desired, and thus enough kindling wood to last a family a week can be cut in a few moments.

"Professor Weddison is now working on an attachment to the ray which is intended to carve boarding-house chickens, but he refuses to give any idea of when he expects to perfect this apparatus."

A Rum Omelet Episode.

He was good-humored, although green, jolly and boisterous and without a care as he seated himself in a box in Alderman Farris's restaurant down-town. He was from the country around Radersburg, and he had been drinking. He had come in to see the sights, and he didn't care what it cost him. Some of those facts he told the waiter, and some of them the waiter guessed, easily enough.

He looked the bill of fare over fifteen times, the *Helena Independent* says, and told a story between each effort. He confided in the attendant that even if Reuben Rader had shown some timidity about riding in elevators, on the occasion of a visit to the capital, he wasn't that kind of a fellow himself and he was looking for elevators, electric lights and concert halls—and as many of them as possible to convince himself that he was not a jay.

"You see," he said, "it is some time since I have been here. The last time was 1867. I have been back in the mountains mostly ever since. But I read the newspapers whenever I can."

His eye caught the words, "Rum omelet." With the taste for rum still in him, he ordered one. In due time it came. His attention was diverted a moment, during which the waiter had deftly ignited a match and touched it to the liquid as he poured it over the contents of the platter.

"Great Scott!" the customer yelled, as he turned to the table again.

He did not continue to talk, being a man of action. With a sweep of both arms he grasped the table-cloth and threw it over the flames. Rising in his seat he shucked his coat and piled it on top of the table-cloth. Cautiously he raised both. The fire was out.

"You never want to run after water when a fire breaks out," he said, proudly. "Always smother it, if you can. I know a thing or two myself. I wonder if Rube would have acted as well as I did."

He ate the rest of the dish, though, saying that it was none the worse for the experience and that it would be a pity to waste it, paid for it without a murmur, and in other ways showed that he had in him many of the elements of a genuine sport.

Hotel de Bum.

Jim Wardner, the old-time prospector after whom the town of Wardner, Idaho, is named, relates the following story of himself in an unknown exchange:

"It was very much such a day as today when I pulled my horse up, tired, muddy and wet, at the base of the great glaciers in the Cascade Range of Washington. Halting at a rude

boulder covered with tin plates, I saw to my right a pine-bark shack, marked in letters of charcoal, 'Hotel de Bum.' It was composed of a roof and one side, a few pine boughs on the background, and several old blankets.

"Presently, rushing down the mountain and singing at the top of his voice, followed by his partner, came the proprietor. No man ever received a heartier welcome by a genial landlord than myself. After registering in his diary he discoursed on the difficulties of running a hotel in that country and the difficulty of getting cooks, but, as an offset, he spoke of the cheapness of rent and ice.

"Supper is now ready in the dining-room," he said; so, after furnishing my horse with a substantial meal of oats, which I carried with me, we three, in the cold rain, stood around that rock amidst the profuse excuses of the proprietor as to the repairs he intended to make in the dining-room. With the same politeness he escorted me to 'room 1,' about three feet of space next to the end of the shack. For a pillow I used my saddle, with the remaining oats to soften up things. I had been asleep but a short time when I felt the oats slipping out from under my head. Quietly lighting my candle I saw a huge wood-rat tugging away on the sack. Hastily seizing my boot I made a crack at him—only to miss and awake the proprietor.

"What's the matter with No. 1?" he inquired.

"Rats," I replied.

"You've got 'em," said he. "Now, go to sleep, or I'll charge you extra for gas. See?"

"Then the fun began. I never saw such a rumpus. The glaciers above us roared like artillery and cracked with mighty noises as fissure after fissure was rent and they scrunched and grated and pushed themselves down through deep beds of gravel and slush. The heavens were red with electric illuminations going on on high, and, finally, the rain came down as never before. Little rivulets from the mountain soon filled the trenches around our 'hotel,' and a trickling sensation made me aware of water around me. Lighting the candle I found that the water was coursing right through my bed. Just then I heard from my landlord.

"Well, what is the matter now with No. 1?"

"Water," said I; "bed full of it."

"Well, you told me you wanted an outside room and a bath, and you've got it. Now go to sleep, and don't wake the cook."

"I soon got the water turned and slept soundly until morning. I left after breakfast, but have never forgotten the 'Hotel de Bum.'"

An Intelligent Bronco.

Did you ever lead a bronco any great distance through the deep snow—before any other feller'd been there? We did. Right after the close of the performance of the recent aggregation of zephyrs, the editor hitched up a shrunk-body bronco to a swell-body cutter and started for Billsburg. After an uneventful trip of about three feet the swell-body and the shrunk-body broke through and got almost inextricably mixed up. Then the editor unhitched and unharnessed, put on the saddle, and concluded he'd ride to town on top of the horse. This time the beast went six feet, and lay down. But groceries from town were needed, so the editor thought he'd lead the animal and make a pack-horse out of him. Now, it's no easy matter to take even a solitary stroll when a person sinks to his chin every time he puts his foot down; but when, in addition, one must haul an unwilling nag, it's work that may rightly be termed exhausting.

At first the beast, in spite of suggestion and remonstrance, didn't want to go. Not that the animal was contrary; but Mr. Reamann had just

got him from a Russian German and he didn't understand remarks in English. Finally, he was persuaded to move. Then a new and serious trouble arose. The intelligent brute discovered that the holes made in the snow by the editor's brogans would answer for two. So, straightway he increased his speed until he was able to rest his nose on the editor's shoulder, and when the man 'd pull up his foot the beast 'd manage to squeeze his'n into the track. This was all right for awhile; but finally the bronco got too previous, and, ere the man's hind foot was removed, one of the horse's fore feet would be put down in the same hole, and sometimes the heel of the former and the toe of the latter were in collision, all of which caused the dual-minded pedestrian much anxiety of mind, and, furthermore, barked his shins. But the editor got the better of the beast, for he procured a staff, such as, hitched to the animal's nose-ring, the honest granger is wont to use in directing or repressing the movements of the ferocious gentleman cow; and with this staff the over-cute bronco was kept at a respectful distance. But—durn a bronco, any way!—*Williamsport (N. D.) Record.*

Timely Gubernatorial Pointers.

The following gubernatorial advice comes from the versatile pen of Editor Yerkes of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*. Dated from Sourdough Creek and addressed to Gov-Elect Smith at Helena, it runs thus:

"Honored Sir: It comes to me in an indirect way that the folks of Helena intend to give you a dance at the schoolhouse when you first settle down in your gubernatorial chair. If this be true, I trust that I can rely upon you to conduct yourself in a manner wholly creditable to myself and to the political party which placed you in power. I trust that you will not get gay.

"Do not try to kick the lamps or swing the girls off their feet in an inconsistent or ungentlemanly manner. Remember that you are

now governor, and that a great deal is expected of you; that you will be looked up to, especially by those who want offices. Try to keep your flow of spirits down to a normal temperature and act with becoming decorum and easy grace, as you know I would do were I there to lead the grand march and act as 'Tucker.' Keep time with the fiddler, and when he yells 'All Chaw Hay,' do so in a perfectly natural way. Let nature here come into play, that the whole world may know that you are just as much at home at a function or a soiree as you are in the executive thills guiding the car of State. When they 'Balsadoughnut,' come to the center smilingly and show the crowd that you can double-shuffle in a manner never thought of by the aristocracy who codified or codfished our laws.

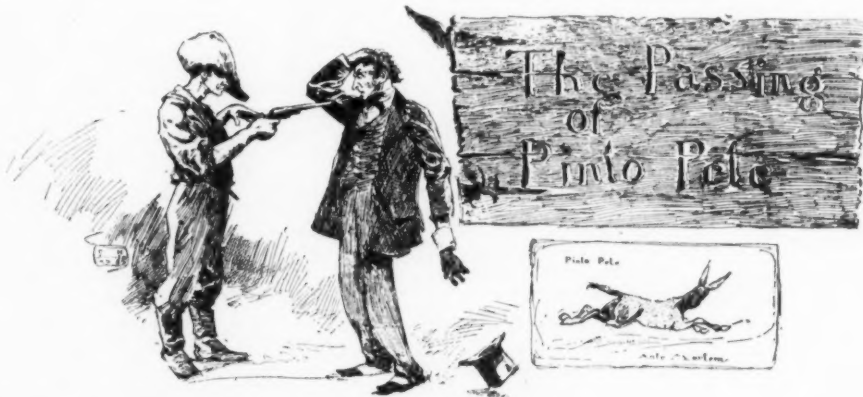
"If anyone should happen to have a bottle with them, I leave it to your discretion. Do as I would do under such circumstances, and then, I feel justified in saying, they will not take you out behind the house the second time.

"Of course, I shall expect you to throw off some of your reserve, but I would not at the same time throw off my coat, notwithstanding the fact that it may be a warm party and that you will be vested and clothed in your authority. Take your pants out of your boots and leave your revolver outside on the wash-bench—unless others, out of tender filial affection, take their 'pops' with them. Try and conform as far as possible to the demands of society at the capital, and in the square dances move exclusively in your own set, without raising the dirt on the roof by whoops and yells. Do not try to dance out of your number and thus raise the ire of some red-headed rooster from the Corners, spoiling for a fight. I should not like to see the head of this State temporarily too large to insert and feed from the public crib.

"Having for several years been regarded as the leader of the swell and swagger set of the Creek, I am,

Yours For Style,

"AKA YERKS."



Can't hold no fun'ral ob's'quies at the grave o' Pinto Pete?

Say, parson, jes' come off the roof! Them Bost'n frills don't go!

Yo'r sarvice is for Christians? Yo' ain't buryin' mule meat?

Wal, ef that mule warn't a Christian, I shud agitate to know!

A Christian? Dad thet tenderfuttet sarmon-trap o' your'n!

Why, Pete wuz straight up orthodox, 'n' lived consistent, too!

'N' ez fr sense—yo' hear me trill!—he packed a cargo more'n

A half these wand'r'n gospil sharps 'n' heaven promoters do!

Sense? Why, he savvied whisky jest ez fur ez he cud smell.

'N' his gift fr chewin' navy plug wuz wonderful to see;

'N' fr dogin' the Apaches—ef yo' 'low he cudn't tell

When the hoss tiles wuz a radin' 'round, yo're off yo'r axletree!

He didn't need no almanek to tell when Sunday come;

Them boys ez sot to work him wunst, upon the Sabber-day—

Wal, Bill's head still is in a sling, 'n' excavated some,

'N' ez fr Jewsharp Johnny, he was planted right away!

How wud I've navigated, when Ol' Simms 'n' me got slewed,

'N' tried Coyote Creek, bank-full—thar warn't no-buddy 'round?

Pete bucked me off, 'n' brok' my leg! Thet sense? F'r shore, yo' dude!

Simms, he salled in—his horse bogged down, 'n' Simms he sorter drowned.

'N' still yo' 'low yo' cain't assist? Say! See this forty-four?

Thar's six good reasons why yo' will! The bon' yard's over yan.

Now git a move immeejit, 'r I'll start a lead mine—shore!

'N' yo'll be interested, on the chief stockholder plan!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



A Valuable Hint.

A hole in a granite saucepan or kettle may be mended by using a copper rivet. These rivets, which come in several sizes, may usually be bought from a harness-maker. The rivet is put in the hole and over the end of it is put a copper washer, which is a part of it. Flatten the end of the rivet with a tack-hammer, and the kettle is good for service for many days. When the enamel is chipped from a small spot in the bottom of the saucepan, the weak spot may be reinforced in the same way.

The Hat-Pin as a Weapon.

The hat-pin has long been known as a weapon of deadly possibilities, but within a week, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, its capacity has been proved beyond doubt. A girl in Maryland was attacked by an eagle and killed it by running a hat-pin through its eye. Another girl kept a man at bay with this peculiarly feminine contrivance until help came to her. And it may be remarked, in passing, that the cheapest article of the kind, that sells for a penny apiece, is more likely to be effective than the gold and silver ones.

The Tea-Table.

The tea-table for use is now tabooed from the drawing-room; instead, one may place their very choicest cups and saucers upon a low inlaid Turkish tabourette. In the summer home the tea-table is placed in a cozy corner of the piazza. The piazza of the summer home is now made the great feature of the house. All sorts of appropriate furnishings are made for the purpose, and may be most effectively used. Green seems to be the most appropriate color, and chairs and couches are made of bamboo, stained a rich forest green.

A Flannel Wrapper.

For the winter months a flannel wrapper, smart enough to be worn for breakfast or when alone for half an hour over the fire before going to bed, is a very desirable addition to one's wardrobe. Here is a description of a recent one. Dark blue of a warm tone was the color, and flannel serge the fabric. A yoke of velvet had the full fronts and the back plaited onto it. A box-plaited ruching of china silk pinked on both sides outlined the yoke and was carried over the shoulders, and a line of guipure insertion was found again inside the ruching. It made a very pretty wrapper.

Good Manners for Children.

Holding knife, spoon and fork correctly will come to a child naturally, and it should not be forgotten that if the pudding-spoon and fork are grasped from beneath instead of from above, the awkward uplifting of the elbows will be avoided. When children have become too old to wear the bibs, so important for the use of small boys and girls, they ought to be provided with table napkins and shown when to use them—after taking soup, etc., but they must not be allowed to rub their mouths continually, as some people are in the habit of doing.

In drinking, gulping down large draughts is to be avoided, and no drinking while food is in the mouth must be permitted. The mouth, after each portion of food has been placed in it,

must be kept closed. Chewing can be done properly and well without the aid of the lips, and any desire to work the tongue around the mouth after each course should be corrected. If any inconvenience is felt from food adhering to the teeth, it can be removed after the meal is over in a private room. In removing stones, fish-bones, etc., from the mouth, *Good House-keeping* says, the fork should always be used if practicable. If the bone is removed with the fingers it should be done as unobtrusively as possible and the fingers wiped on a napkin. No ejection of food directly from the mouth to the plate can be tolerated.

Children must not fidget at the table. They should sit upright, possibly resting the back on the bars of the chairs behind them, but on no account lolling carelessly or leaning on the table.

Why and How Thread is Numbered.

The question, "Why is spool cotton numbered as it is, and why are the figures not used in regular order?" is often asked, says the Boston *Journal of Commerce*. The explanation is this: The numbers on the spools express the number of "hanks" which are required to wind a pound. The very finest spinning rarely exceeds 300 hanks to the pound, while in the very coarsest there is about a half-pound in each hank. The more common qualities, however, those from which sewing thread is usually made, run from ten to fifty hanks to the pound, and the spools on which it is wound are numbered from 10 to 50 in accordance.

Polish for Shirt-Bosoms.

A polish for shirt-bosoms is made by melting together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti. Heat gently and turn into a clean, shallow pan; when cold, cut or break into pieces about the size of a hazel-nut and put in a box or bottle for use. When making boiled starch, add a piece of wax about the size of a hazel-nut. When ironing, smooth first the bosom very carefully, then place a clean cloth over it, and iron lightly; remove the cloth, and with a clean, smooth, pretty hot iron, iron rapidly. When about ironed dry, take a cloth wrung dry in cold water and rub lightly over the bosom, following with the hot iron immediately.

A Young Lady's Rules.

The following rules of conduct fell out of the pocketbook of a young lady and an unscrupulous newspaper reporter picked them up and published them:

First—I don't let a man smoke when he walks or drives with me. If he knows no better than to do it I promptly tell him what I think of it.

Second—I don't give my photograph to men. I used to, occasionally, but I am wiser now. I should hate, by and by, to know that my face might be hanging up in Tom, Dick or Harry's room.

Third—I don't let a man take my arm when he walks with me. If he does, I tell him I prefer him to give me his arm.

Fourth—I don't go out with a man just because he asks me. I like it better if he asks another to go, too—his sister, for instance.

Fifth—I don't let any man "see me home" from church. If he hasn't got gumption enough to take me there and sit through the service with me, he can stay away altogether.

Sixth—I don't let any man give me presents, unless it is something of trifling cost—like fruit or flowers. And I always gauge a man by his taste in this respect.

Seventh—I don't encourage any man who is not perfectly polite and agreeable to my

mother. Whoever calls on me sees a great deal of her.

Eighth—I don't allow a caller to stay later than 10 o'clock. If he does not go at that time, I tell him politely that this is my custom.

An Essay on Spanking.

The good old subject of spanking is handled by R. M. Field in the Chicago *Post* as follows:

"Our flagging interest in the great sociological problem, 'Shall Our Children be Spanked?' has been revived by the battle now raging between Mrs. Washburne and a gentleman in Connecticut. We are sorry that this conflict of opinion did not exist at that period of life of which we are accustomed to speak, poetically and with dreamy reminiscence, as 'our halcyon days,' as we are convinced that, in this event, we should have saved ourselves a measure of mental trepidation and bodily discomfort. Concerning the merits of the debate we do not feel at liberty to pass judgment, but we are reasonably positive that, could we be a child again, we should 'tie to' Mrs. Washburne. Yet the Connecticut gentleman seems to be a man of experience and practical knowledge, and we must make all allowance for conditions as we find them. Some children are born to be spanked, some achieve spankings and some have spankings thrust upon them. It is a very difficult and delicate matter to draw the line, particularly when it is a clothesline. Let us dismiss the matter as one of the never-settled troubles of humanity, the spankers as well as the spankee, for are we not all born to trouble as the spans fly downward?"

The Knife and Fork Habit.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that a great array of knives and forks is not seen at the best tables. Two knives, and at the most three forks, are considered sufficient, the others being supplied as they are needed. And here may be quoted a tale of a young man who had been out West mining so long that he was afraid he had forgotten his company manners and was a little nervous over his first dinner-party.

"There are always so many thousand new forks and funny shaped spoons around a man's plate in these houses where there are rich husbands and young wives," he said, "that a man who has been out of it for a couple of years is pretty sure to do the wrong thing. It proved just as I feared. The two women were magnificently gowned and had the airs of countesses. There were several men, decently gotten up, besides the husband of the friend of the hostess. I was picking my way along very carefully through all those forks and things when I saw the sauterne coming in a basket. I watched it go around the table and felt my backbone get stiffer every minute, but I didn't dare catch the eye of the man opposite. Finally the friend of the hostess became so impressed that she absolutely forgot her stateliness. 'Job, dear, we really must have some of those little baskets too; I think they're awfully cute!' I ate the rest of my dinner with my most haughty, man-of-the-world manner," concluded the man of the West, "and the fork that came handiest."

Don't Swallow the Skins.

There is one simple hygienic fact which people might easily learn if they would, and which would in many cases save them from annoyance and pain. It is a known fact that the skin or external covering of all manner of fruit is not a part of the fruit itself, considered in a dietetic light, but is intended for the preservation of the fruit juices and pulp—not to be

taken into the human stomach. An exchange, in commenting upon this fact, says: In the laboratory of hygiene of the Battle Creek sanitarium an interesting experiment was recently made for the purpose of determining the influence of the skins of fruits. A young man in whose stomach-fluid no microbes whatever were found after a breakfast of sterilized food, was given a quantity of unwashed grapes, which he ate, skins and all. Examination of the stomach-fluid showed more than 500,000 microbes for each fluid ounce. Dr. Maria Duncan calls attention to the fact that the bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, which find in the stomach most favorable conditions for growth and development, thus causing decay of the fruit before it can be digested. This is doubtless an explanation of the fact that many people cannot eat raw fruit. All raw fruit should be thoroughly washed before it is eaten, and, in removing the skin, it should be done in such a manner as to avoid soiling the flesh or pulp of the fruit.

How to Bring Up Parents.

The energies of the world are concentrated upon progress. Every department of science, every relation of society is studied with mad fervor. There is one strange exception, however, to this universal delving into the mines of natural law. There is one department of life of which man is still blindly and profoundly ignorant. It is the science of parenthood. The relation most vital to the interests of society is absolutely ignored in education.

Man is trained in the duties of citizenship and the practice of all the arts and trades and professions. The wonderful advance in human knowledge is brought to bear upon the improvement of homes, the care of crops, the facilitation of commerce, and the perfection of legislation. But the care of children remains much the same that it was in the Middle Ages, or in antiquity. Infinitely more attention is given to the transcendental problems of stock-raising than to the prosaic and insignificant problems of the rearing of children.

It is only within the last few years, says the *Minneapolis Times*, that the subject has been thought of in the light of a science. Previously it was regarded only as an accident of environment. Paedology has but just dawned upon the horizon of knowledge. It is as yet an anomalous thing, a thing of amateur impressions and scientific fragments. It has not yet crossed the vision of the great majority of people. And the mass of children, now, as heretofore, come up as best they can.

What is the reason of this stolid apathy upon a subject that should be of intense interest? Theoretically, we claim to believe that the training of children is of the utmost importance, and that the first and essential duty of this generation is the wise rearing of the next. In pursuance of this theory we resign our children with all complacency to the care of young, ignorant nurse-girls, picked up in any questionable quarter, or to mothers equally young, ignorant, and inefficient.

Our February Scrap-Book.

A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be removed easily.

Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new.

A soft cloth wet in alcohol is excellent for wiping off French plate-glass and mirrors.

Keep on hand some long-handled spoons, so as to be able to stir food without toasting the face.

Meat and fish should be removed from paper as soon as received. The paper absorbs the juices.



A HOME QUEEN.

To keep yolks of eggs fresh after whites have been used, set aside in a cup with a little water over the surface.

Onions are commended as a specific against epidemics if sliced and kept in a room where they will absorb any atmospheric poison.

To polish windows in freezing weather pour upon a damp cloth a little kerosene, rub them and dry with soft paper; polish with a clean, soft towel.

When lamps have not been used for a week or more the oil should be poured out, or the stale oil will cause an unpleasant smell when next it is lighted.

It has been demonstrated chemically that oatmeal is nearly as nutritious as the very best beef, and that in bone and muscle-making qualities it is richer than wheaten bread.

Fastidious people seldom have their monograms or crests on the envelope, as they consider it quite unnecessary to proclaim aloud to all the world the name of one's correspondents.

A little kerosene oil rubbed briskly over the spots on dark clothing will brighten the garments and remove the stains almost like magic. The kerosene will evaporate quickly, and leave no stain.

Coarse brooms will cut a carpet, and, although imperceptible at first, their ravages will at length show themselves in the increased number of shreds, especially if the carpet be a velvet pile.

All boiled meat should be cooked very slowly and never allowed to come to a rapid boil. Ham, corned-beef or tongue will be much richer

for slicing if left to cool in the water in which they have been boiled.

Boiled rice, baked apples, tapioca pudding, mealy potatoes, boiled or baked, soft-boiled eggs, dry toast, lean baked mutton, tender beefsteak broiled, will all be found nutritious and safe for the convalescent.

Do not set earthen dishes in a hot oven or upon the stove. It cracks the glazing and renders them unfit for use. The smell of such dishes is very disagreeable, and cases of poisoning have been traced to their use.

Always make coffee out of fresh water, and use it as soon as made. The coffee-pot should be kept scrupulously clean. If you use the French pot, every part of it should be thoroughly washed and dried after using.

Common alum, melted in an iron spoon is a very strong cement for joining glass or china to metal. It is especially useful for holding glass lamps to their iron stands after they become loose, or for fastening door-knobs in place.

A simple but excellent preparation for rough or chapped hands is made as follows: Take equal parts of glycerine and rosewater. To a two-ounce bottle of this add six drops of carbolic acid. Apply after washing, while the hands are still damp.

A cup of hot water the first thing in the morning will prevent a bilious attack. Hot water as a beverage is exceedingly wholesome, especially when the digestive organs are weak. It should be taken before each meal, as well as after. A half-teaspoonful of lemon juice makes it palatable.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1897.

OUT IN WASHINGTON.

A careful and judicious observer who recently made a tour of the State of Washington, reports, on his return to St. Paul, that while people there are complaining of hard times, just as people are doing in other parts of the country, the State is in reality in a more solid and prosperous condition than ever. Its half a million of inhabitants are now making a comfortable living out of the resources of the country and are no longer depending on money brought with them or sent on from the East for speculative investment. The wheat-crop is greater than ever, and the price is better than it has been for many years. The natural pasturage of the semi-arid region in the Columbia Basin is being more and more utilized to support cattle and sheep. Lumbering is fairly active and a new market has been opened in the gold-fields of South Africa. The coal mines are being worked with profit. Fruit-growing and hop-raising have been firmly established as paying industries in irrigated valleys that a few years ago were desolate expanses of sage-brush. The prune industry along the Columbia is becoming an important source of wealth. The fisheries make an important contribution to the money-earning capacity of the State. The gold and silver mines are increasing their output. In the towns, small manufacturing industries have secured a footing and are supplying the home demand with many articles of domestic use.

In a word, the population has solved the problem of becoming self-sustaining by making the most of the resources lying close at hand. The next step will be the gradual accumulation of wealth and the opening of opportunities for additional settlement. Washington is a noble State and is wonderfully gifted with varied sources of natural wealth. It has iron, coal, gold, silver, lead and copper. It has vast forests of the best timber in the world. It has great

agricultural and pastoral plains. It has exceedingly rich irrigated valleys. It faces on the Pacific, and its superb inland sea of Puget Sound gives it immense advantages for commerce. Its climate is peculiarly mild and agreeable. Washington has a great future.

DEEP WATERWAYS.

The commission which President Cleveland appointed in 1895 to make a report on the project of a deep waterway from the head of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic has just submitted some practical recommendations which the President has transmitted to Congress with a few words of cordial approval. The commission finds that it is entirely feasible to secure a twenty-eight-foot channel from Chicago and from Duluth to the seaboard. It recommends immediate appropriations for working surveys;—first, for a canal around Niagara Falls on the American side of the boundary, and then for two other routes from Lake Ontario to tidewater, one by way of Oswego, the Mohawk and the Hudson, the other by way of the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain and the Hudson.

The older men of the present day will not live to see our Northwestern grain going out to sea in ocean steamers, but the younger men surely will. Our vast commerce will not long be bottled up at Buffalo, there to be transferred to canal or rail. A steady popular agitation has given us a deep channel across all natural obstructions for a thousand miles, from Duluth to the foot of Lake Erie. The agitation will continue until Congress breaks down all remaining barriers and extends the traffic of the high seas into the interior of the continent. The Legislatures and commercial bodies of our Northwestern States should not grow weary of memorializing Congress to this end. The appeal to Washington should be repeated year after year with ever growing force. There should be another deep-waterway convention this year. None was held last year because of the absorption of public interest in the political campaign. Probably it will be best to accept the invitation of our Canadian friends and hold the next gathering at Quebec. The convention of 1895 was held in Cleveland, and that of 1894 met in Toronto.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

The Congress of the United States is often less responsive to public opinion than the Parliament of Great Britain. In fact, our National Legislature is run on the principle of how not to do things, and reforms and progressive measures usually result from many years of constant prodding by the people. An instance in point is the demand for the establishment of a postal savings bank system. Such a system has been in operation for many years in Great Britain, and its benefits in encouraging habits of thrift among the people and giving the government the use of a large sum of money at low interest are thoroughly demonstrated. In France and Belgium similar systems have been adopted. No one questions their wisdom. For ten years there has been an agitation in this country for savings banks in connection with the post-offices, but Congress is utterly obtuse to the popular demand.

Except in cities of considerable size, there are no institutions where small amounts of money can be deposited and draw interest. The farmer, mechanic and laborer in villages, small towns and in the rural districts, cannot go to the cities to deposit the cash they do not need to spend. If the Government would receive the savings of these classes of people it would in a few years accumulate money enough to retire all its bonds. The public debt would then be

owing to millions of the common people instead of to a few banks, trust companies and large investors, and the influence and votes of all this army of citizens would be exerted in behalf of good and economical government and against all the schemes for cheap money, repudiation and national dishonor which crop up from the fertile brains of demagogues at every election. Postal savings banks would not interfere with the business of old and solid savings banks in which the public have confidence, for they would always be able to offer a little higher interest rate than the Government would pay. The new system would kill off, however, such rotten institutions as have been toppling down in different parts of the country during the past few months—banks established under loose State laws to speculate with the savings of the poor and to pay fat salaries to their officers. It is a shame that we should lag far behind the monarchies of Europe in this matter. One of the most beneficent functions of government in those old countries is to give to the people a perfectly safe method of investment for their savings. Ours professes to be a government of the people and for the people, but it is often strangely irresponsible to plain public demands.

FUTURE OF SILVER.

Silver has kept pretty steady in value for a long time now. Even the chance of Bryan's election, with all that it might imply, did not serve to give, during last summer and fall, any additional speculative value to the white metal. We may reasonably conclude that the world's present output just about equals the demand. There is a good profit in mining, at the present figure of sixty-five to sixty-eight cents an ounce, in all well located mines that have tolerably good veins. At all events, the industry has become about as solid and steady-going as the mining of copper, and seems rather less liable to unexpected ups and downs than the mining of iron ore. Many of our Western silver miners no doubt cherish a hope that something will be done by legislation to advance the price of their product, but the great majority of them base no business calculations on such ideas. An international conference affords some glimmering of expectancy, but all our information about the attitude of the leading European nations gives not the slightest reason for thinking that they are contemplating the abandonment of the gold standard or are willing to try any fresh experiments in bimetallism. They may agree to a conference out of courtesy towards the United States, and a conference may take up the question of the fullest use of silver as money consistent with maintaining its parity with gold, but no free-coinage agreement has the slightest show of endorsement by such a body.

An agreement on a new ratio to correspond with the commercial estimate of the value of gold and silver is not at all probable, for it would involve a recoinage of the world's entire supply of silver money and a very heavy expense to the nations for putting enough silver in the old coins to bring them up to the new ratio. In the case of the United States the expense, saying nothing of the cost of minting, would not be far from \$250,000,000, for we have in the treasury and in circulation 430,000,000 silver dollars and \$75,000,000 worth of fractional silver. It is plain that Congress would never authorize this enormous expense for the sake of bringing our coins up to their nominal value in gold. We shall, no doubt, continue to go right along maintaining the gold standard and using silver as subsidiary money and as a basis for a considerable part of our paper circulation. No double standard is possible without either cutting down the value of our gold coins or doubling the amount of silver in our silver

coins. Bimetallism sounds well, but it is a barren idealism.

Sensible silver miners have settled down to the belief that silver touched bottom some time ago and that it may gain a little, not from any international coinage agreement, but from the extraordinary increase in the world's product of gold. As silver is measured by gold, the cheapening of gold by its increased production would have the effect of raising silver. A good silver mine, well located in reference to transportation, is a fine property today. We do not believe that it will be lessened in value by any future decline in the white metal.

THE INCOMPETENTS.

Emerson says, in one of his essays, that looking about him in his home town of Concord he observed that every competent, energetic man had on the average about thirteen persons more or less dependent upon him. Of course, this figure included women and children who are, in the natural order of things, dependent upon the bread-winning members of a family; but, taking them out of account, there would remain a considerable number of other dependent relatives, and people with no ties of blood relationship, who are hangers-on attaching themselves to successful men by appeals to sympathy and charity or by rendering some petty services which are compensated at far higher rates than they are worth. The army of incompetents is always a large one. It includes not only those who are wholly dependent, but also a multitude of people for whom labor must be found by the brains of able men, or they would starve. Every active business man is a bread-winner for many people outside of his own family; for, were it not for the enterprises he carries on, many of his employees would not have the capacity to make a living.

The line between the incompetents and the dead-beats is not always sharply drawn. Talk with any boarding-house keeper and she will tell you of the heavy losses she has to stand by being beaten out of her board-bills by people who wear good clothes and smoke good cigars. Talk with the grocers, butchers and coal men, and they will tell you that there are hundreds of people who manage to live without paying for the common necessities of life. Talk with men who are so unfortunate as to have invested money in houses for rent, and you will learn that a considerable proportion of tenants pay no rent, or, at best, pay only for a month in order to get possession of a house which they hold until they are forced out, after perhaps a year's occupancy, by process of law. Tailors will tell you of people who systematically get their wearing apparel on credit and who never pay. All these delinquents belong to the army of the incompetents as much as the beggars on the street. If they could earn money easily they would no doubt pay their bills, but they cannot, because they lack energy, self-denial and capacity. They are lazy, shiftless and self-indulgent, and they load themselves upon the producing forces of society.

A stylish young man in St. Paul, temporarily out of employment, remarked lately that it was a pretty stupid sort of fellow who could not live for six months in a city without any income. A large number of young men appear to go upon this principle. If they cannot find the sort of employment they like, they loaf and live on their acquaintances, borrowing money which they never pay and bilking the boarding-houses. It is a question whether society in general is not too lenient toward the incompetents and does not, in its generosity, encourage idleness and dishonesty.

The incompetents are usually on the wrong side of political questions. They rail at exist-

ing conditions in the business and social world. They declaim against capital and capitalists, forgetting that if nobody had saved any money to carry on business enterprises they would be left to starve, for they lack brain power to organize for themselves any way of getting a living. They are generally socialists, believing that they are cheated out of their fair share of the wealth of the world, whereas the fact is, they cheat themselves by not putting forth all the working force nature has gifted them with. They are readily influenced by demagogues to vote for any platform or candidate that aims to strike at the organized capital that runs all the large affairs of the world. They would abolish banks, break down railway companies, and devise some form of cheap money for the partial repudiation of debts. Except at elections, the incompetents are merely a burden to be carried by the strong; but their votes, man for man, count for just as much as the votes of the intelligent, the thrifty and the self-denying, who carry on the enterprises that put bread in their mouths.

What can be done with the incompetents? Nothing. We can only hope that their number is being steadily reduced by the evolutionary process of civilization.

EDWARD D. ADAMS.

In presenting to our readers in our last number a portrait of Edward Dean Adams, chairman of the board of directors of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, we had at hand only such scanty biographical material as could be drawn from the memory of the writer. Everybody likes to read of the careers of the successful men whose business affairs touch somewhat their own, and we are sure that the following sketch, which we take from a volume entitled "America's Successful Men of Affairs," edited by Henry Hall of the New York *Tribune*, will prove of interest to all our readers. Mr. Adams is likely to be a very prominent factor in the railway affairs of the Northwest for many years to come, and many of our readers among the business men in the cities and towns of this region will have opportunities to make his personal acquaintance during his tours of inspection over the roads controlled by the board of which he is chairman:

Mr. Adams, a man of special gifts and remarkable power of organization, was born in Boston, Mass., April 9, 1846. His father, Adoniram Judson Adams, a merchant, sprang from Puritan ancestry. Edward began his education as a student at Chauncey Hall in Boston, and fitted there for college. He graduated from Norwich University in Northfield, Vt., in the class of 1864, with the degree of Bachelor of Science, and added to the scholarly equipment thus attained by two years mainly spent in travel in Europe. Possessing excellent powers of observation and a studious and retentive mind, Mr. Adams gained greatly by these travels; and the knowledge thus acquired has since been regularly and extensively cultivated by travel in later years, both abroad and to all parts of North America, more particularly in the United States, with all sections of which Mr. Adams is now intimately acquainted.

The young man wished to become a banker, and gained his first lessons in the requirements of this occupation by service, from 1866 to 1870, as bookkeeper and cashier for a Boston firm of bankers and brokers. In 1870 he assisted in organizing the banking-house of Richardson, Hill & Co., of Boston, which is yet in existence and has always enjoyed a high repute. He remained a partner until 1878. He then removed to New York city to accept a partnership in

the old banking-house of Winslow, Lanier & Co., famous for conservative and honorable methods and its relations with important corporate interests. He was successfully occupied with the financial operations of this house until 1893, when he retired to devote his time to various large properties in which, in the meantime, he had become deeply interested. During the fifteen years of his partnership with Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co. he participated in many of the Government, railway and municipal negotiations of that active period. He was especially occupied with construction and reorganization enterprises, into all of which his personality entered as a moving and controlling factor, and for which he was responsible. Some of the more noteworthy of these may be referred to.

In 1882-83 he organized The Northern Pacific Terminal Co., was elected president thereof and provided the funds and constructed the terminal plant in Portland, Oregon, which was afterwards successfully leased to The Northern Pacific Railroad and other companies.

In 1883 he organized The St. Paul & Northern Pacific Railway Company, provided the capital, and, as vice-president, supervised the acquisition and construction of the terminal facilities at Minneapolis and Saint Paul, now leased to the Northern Pacific Railway Company.

In 1885 he organized and constructed The New Jersey Junction Railroad Company, now leased to The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company. During the same year he prepared a plan for the reorganization of The New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railway, The New York, Ontario & Western Railway, The West Shore & Ontario Terminal Company, and their allied properties, which plan was carried out in 1886 with hardly any variation from the programme as first submitted by him to Messrs. Morgan and Vanderbilt in 1885. The efficiency of his services in this undertaking was officially recognized by The New York Central Railroad Company. He received a graceful letter of thanks from Mr. Depew, president of the New York Central; and Drexel, Morgan & Company, in their circular to The West Shore bondholders, made special acknowledgement to Edward D. Adams, "who, for nearly a year past, has devoted almost his whole time to perfecting and carrying out the plan which has resulted in entire success. But for his activity and valued assistance, based on information which he alone possessed, the difficulties of the situation would have been greatly enhanced." J. Pierpont Morgan also made a generous and manly acknowledgement upon the success of the great work in reorganizing the West Shore Railroad, which he declared due to the special knowledge and personal devotion of Mr. Adams.

The rescue of The Central Railroad of New Jersey in 1887, from its receivership, was accomplished upon a plan conceived by Mr. Adams and worked out by him with infinite care and close regard for all the interests involved, as chairman of its finance committee.

Modest, caring nothing for public recognition, but delighting in the solution of intricate problems and the successful execution of carefully concerted plans, Mr. Adams brings to labors of this class a power of analysis, especially his own, and an energy and capacity for work, which bear the unmistakable stamp of genius.

In 1888 he rendered an important service to The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad in the marketing of the new bonds of the company. The financial world places so much reliance in the judgment and integrity of Mr. Adams that,

In an enterprise like this, he succeeds where others are likely to fail. The directors of the company expressed their gratitude to Mr. Adams, for the service he had performed in their behalf, by a special and expressive resolution of thanks.

In 1890 he undertook a work which gave new proof of his abilities. The American Cotton Oil Trust was then on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Adams entered upon a close, careful and extended investigation, and, as a result, reorganized the company upon lines laid down and through channels and men selected by himself. He has enforced a severely economical administration and placed in positions of responsibility the men best fitted for their respective duties by natural gifts and experience, and continues to this date to direct the business of the organization as chairman of the board of directors. He exercises a daily scrutiny of the smallest details, and has rescued the company, by his energetic and untiring labors, from the calamities which threatened to engulf it in ruin.

The Cataract Construction Company, at Niagara Falls, has been fortunate in enlisting his co-operation. Of the two great engineering works of the present age which, while practicable, are tasks of difficulty and which are destined to bring a distinct fame to those who achieve them, one is the utilization of the enormous water-power of Niagara Falls for the purposes of productive industry. In 1890 Mr. Adams was elected president of the company which is developing the water-power of Niagara, and he has successfully directed the engineering operations there to the present moment. The Bachelor of Science has in this enterprise shown himself a master not only of science but of finance.

In 1893 he accepted the proposals of a group of German bankers to represent their interests in America, and formed the reorganization committee of The Northern Pacific Railroad Company, of which committee he is chairman. The fact that Mr. Adams has accepted a responsible relation with a scheme of this class at once gains public attention, inspires confidence in the property, and supplies a guarantee of success.

Mr. Adams is now occupied as chairman of the directors of The American Cotton Oil Company and president of its most important allied organizations; president of The Cataract Construction Company and its associate corporations; vice-president of The Central & South American Telegraph Company, and director of The West Shore Railroad and The Central Railroad of New Jersey and its subordinate companies.

He is very happy in his family life. His wife is Fanny A., daughter of William E. Gutterston, of Boston, to whom he was married in 1872. His children are Ernest Kempton Adams, now an engineering student in Yale University, and Ruth, a young daughter.

A gentleman of cultivated mind and agreeable manners, well informed and of spotless integrity, he is as much respected in the social world as in financial circles. His resources for diversion are indicated by the following positions that he holds: Fellow in Perpetuity of the National Academy of Design; patron (with right of succession in perpetuity) of The American Museum of Natural History; trustee of The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Gift Fund of The American Fine Arts' Society; and fellow of The American Society of Civil Engineers. He is also a member of many of the leading clubs, including the Metropolitan, City, Union League, Players', Lawyers', Tuxedo, Riding and Grollier, The New England Society of this city and the Chicago Club of Chicago.



A GREAT deposit of asbestos has recently been discovered in the Coeur d'Alene Country in Idaho. Its precise location is as yet kept a secret, but the quality of the mineral shows that the deposit may become very valuable. It will be necessary, however, to organize a company for manufacturing it, for the whole asbestos business is now monopolized by a single New York concern that owns the Quebec mines and will discourage the opening of any new sources of supply.

How many different kinds of money are in circulation in the United States? Probably very few of our readers can answer this question off-hand. Let us turn to a treasury statement and make up the list. It is as follows: First, gold coin; second, silver coin; third, United States notes (greenbacks); fourth, treasury notes; fifth, national bank notes; sixth, gold certificates; seventh, silver certificates; eighth, currency certificates. In all, counting the money in the treasury and the mints, as well as that in circulation, we have a total of \$2,348,388,571 of cash of various kinds.

The discovery of rich gold claims at Ragged Top, twelve miles from Deadwood, in the Black Hills, verifies the miners' proverb that there is just as good stuff in the ground as has ever been found. No mineral region is ever prospected exhaustively. A thousand years hence, prospecting will no doubt go on just as actively as today, unless science shall hit upon some sort of X-ray process that will photograph the bowels of the earth. The Diamond Hill mine, in Montana, recently sold for a million dollars, is located at the head of a gulch where placer and quartz-mining has been going on for thirty years. The Lump Gulch mines, near Helena, opened up two or three years ago, are within a rifle-shot of the old stage-road between Helena and Butte, and the ground had been tramped over by thousands of keen-eyed prospectors.

THERE has not been a single bank failure in Baltimore in sixty years. Some of our Western bank managers might, with profit to themselves and their depositors, make a trip to that solid and venerable city and study the banking methods practiced there. They would probably find that banks do not make loans to their own officers and that they do not accept borrowers' estimates of the value of collaterals. Recent experience shows that we need a stricter banking law here in Minnesota and a more careful State inspection of the condition of our banks. The recent failures have all grown out of methods which would be considered highly reprehensible, if not criminal, in the East. The money of depositors has been loaned to concerns and individuals to whom the depositors themselves would not think of loaning it on the security furnished. Neither the officers nor the directors of a bank should be allowed to borrow any of the funds entrusted to their care.

A HOME-TRADE movement usually crops out in the dull winter season in St. Paul, Minneapolis and other Northwestern cities, the object of which is to urge people to buy goods

made in their own localities in preference to those manufactured elsewhere. One pleasant feature of these movements is generally a banquet, at which all the food preparations served are of home production—including the beer drunk and the cigars smoked. These occasions are enjoyable, but it is hard to escape the suspicion that the sentiment back of them is somewhat illogical. We are told that it is highly patriotic to use, so far as possible, only the things we produce in our own city, but we should not at all approve of the boycotting of St. Paul goods by Fargo, or Helena, or Spokane, for the benefit of the manufacturers of like articles produced in those cities. Sauce for the goose would be very bad sauce for the gander in such cases, in the opinion of our home-trade advocates. Our jobbers and manufacturers want to sell their goods all the way from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast, and would not at all relish popular movements which would cut them out of a fair competition with local concerns in that territory. A free field for enterprise is the only safe and just rule for trade.

I MET, recently, the great New York merchant and philanthropist, William E. Dodge, who talked a good deal about the success of agricultural banks in Scotland, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia and thought that something might be done in the West in the same line to give the farmers money at low rates of interest for crop expenses and to take up their present mortgages. He showed me a pamphlet on this subject made up of articles recently published in the New York *Journal of Commerce*. The growth of these banks in Europe has been remarkable, and the benefits they confer upon rural borrowers are unquestionably great. Conditions are very different, however, in the old countries of Europe from those which prevail in our Western States. In the first place, land bears a high price and is salable, because there are always more people who want to buy land than there are people willing to sell; consequently, the land is a first-class security for loans. This is not the case in our new Western communities, where rates of interest are high. Eastern mortgage companies have in many instances been reduced to bankruptcy by being compelled to take farms for the money loaned upon them and then finding themselves unable to sell the farms for anything like the amount of the mortgages. Besides, there is in no European country an element of demagogues and fools agitating for some cheap form of money with which to cheat creditors. So long as we have such an element in any large force in our Western States, high rates of interest will prevail to cover the risk of loss. There is plenty of money in this country that would seek investment in five or six per cent farm loans, if the security were absolutely good and if all political movements for scaling down the principal of debts by debasing the currency should cease once and forever.

THERE seems to be a reasonable prospect of the early reorganization of the Yakima Investment Company, which owns the big Sunnyside Canal in the Lower Yakima Valley, Washington. The bankruptcy of the company set back the development of one of the most attractive portions of Washington for at least five years. This misfortune grew out of the extravagancies and the fast and loose financial policy of the late Paul Schulze, who atoned for his misdeeds, so far as he could, by blowing his brains out. Under better management, however, the hard times might have pushed the company into insolvency, as has been the case with thousands of good enterprises caught by the hurricane without sufficient ballast of cash

resources. Reorganized with a moderate capitalization, so that low prices can be put upon the lands offered to settlers, and run by men of ordinary business capacity and honesty, this great enterprise may be made a conspicuous success and a shining object lesson of the benefits of small farming and fruit culture by irrigation. Soil, climate and abundant water are all in its favor.

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THOMAS H. CANFIELD, one of the pioneers of railway building in Northern Minnesota and North Dakota, died at his home in Lake Park, Minn., on January 20. Mr. Canfield was one of the early promoters of the Northern Pacific. He enlisted in the enterprise many of the strong financiers who co-operated with Jay Cooke. Afterwards he selected the town sites between Brainerd and Bismarck. His faith in the future of the Northwest was great, and it was backed up by accurate information concerning its resources. He was broad-minded, energetic, and keenly intelligent. Before the railroad was completed to Fargo he selected five sections of land at Lake Park, lying in the form of a Greek cross, and made of them a model grain and stock-farm, on which he made his home in his later years. There he used to show to visitors, among other historic mementoes, the buggy in which he drove from Fargo to Bismarck before there was a single settler in all that expanse of two hundred miles of rich prairie. He retained his affection for his old home in Burlington, Vermont, and spent a portion of each winter there. Death came to him in its most merciful form. He was sitting at his desk, writing, when his heart suddenly ceased its work, his head fell forward upon his hands, and his spirit departed.

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CONGRESSMAN EDDY'S plan for creating a storage reservoir of Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse to feed the Mississippi through the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North, is a good one so far as making an additional reservoir for the Mississippi is concerned. Navigation on the Red is too unimportant to be taken into consideration. This stream is paralleled on both its banks by lines of railroad all the way from Wahpeton to Winnipeg. It is so tortuous that boats have to make about twice the distance required by the railroads. Besides, the grain from the boats must be transferred at some point to the cars at considerable expense. There is a small traffic below Grand Forks, to accommodate farmers living close to the banks, but most of the boats formerly plying on this stream have been rotting at Grand Forks for many years. An extra water supply for the Mississippi would, however, be valuable and could be created at small expense. It is not likely that Congress will vote any money very soon for this project—certainly not so long as there is not sufficient treasury income to meet the running expenses of the Government; but the preliminary work of surveys might wisely be made at once. It would involve but a trifling cost, as the Government has a force of engineer officers under pay that is available for all such labors.

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INDICATIONS point to an early purchase of the Duluth and Winnipeg railroad by the Great Northern. There are only three strong companies that could possibly want this stub of road ending in the woods of Northern Minnesota. The Canadian Pacific has dallied for two years with propositions to acquire it and to extend it to St. Vincent, where it would connect with the almost worthless branch of that system which runs to Winnipeg. The evident argument against a purchase by the C. P. R. is that, to divert the wheat traffic which

now goes from Manitoba to Fort William and send it to Duluth, would be to rob of its best source of earnings about 400 miles of the present main line of that company between Winnipeg and Lake Superior. The Northern Pacific might make of the Duluth and Winnipeg a short line from the Lower Red River Valley to the head of Lake Superior, but this would take away a large amount of business from its present line, which is tolerably direct. The Great Northern has no direct line from the lower valley to Duluth and Superior, and it hauls all its enormous wheat tonnage by way of St. Cloud—a roundabout route. By building from Fosston to the present terminus of the D. and W. on Lake Winnibegoshish, it would secure a short route and save about one hundred miles of haul on a large part of its grain business. It therefore seems only reasonable that Mr. Hill will pick up the bankrupt road as soon as he can get it at a good bargain.

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THE officers of the Northern Pacific Railway Company are working on an excellent plan which promises to do much to encourage thrift among their employees and to secure stability of service and a unity of interests between the road and the men. It is proposed to establish a savings bank system which shall enable any employee who desires to do so to open an account, deposit such part of his monthly wages as he desires to save, and receive interest on the same. There are very few savings banks on the lines of the Northern Pacific, and the banks in the country towns do not take small deposits. Many of the men in the prairie and mountain regions work at a long distance from any banking institution, public or private, in which they could place their savings. Besides, they have more confidence in the company they serve than in any small local banks. If they can accumulate a portion of their pay not needed for living expenses in the hands of the company, payable whenever they may wish to withdraw it, thousands of them will undoubtedly be led to save money who would otherwise spend it carelessly for such diversions and extravagances as are available, including, of course, the saloon and the gaming-table. The effect upon character of habits of thrift is always good, and the company will gain in the efficiency and loyalty of its employees. It might be a good plan to provide that when any employee has a hundred dollars to his credit he may, if he wishes, receive a bond of the company for that amount.

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EXIT Farmer Hines, the picturesque and pious North Dakotan who valiantly undertook to build a railroad from the Red River Valley to Duluth without any capital. The thirty miles of grade which the farmers shoveled up under his directions have passed into the hands of business men who will try to enlist capitalists to carry out the enterprise. One of Hines' curious ideas—and he was an idealist of the first water—was that prayer would take the place of cash. After his followers had shoveled dirt or cut ties all day, he used to gather them in a tent in the evening and hold a prayer-meeting. He supplied them with provisions and tobacco, contributed by Duluth merchants, and issued stock to them for their labor. His whole scheme was chimerical. It worked in a fashion so long as he was operating in a prairie country where the settlers were willing to turn out with their teams, but when he came to tackle the great wilderness between the valley and the head of Lake Superior, involving costly rock cuttings, fills and bridges, he soon came to the end of his rope. Railroad building is a business requiring experience and a high order of intelligence on both the financial and

construction sides, and it was an absurdity for a farmer to think he could suddenly bulge into it and make a success. Hines' figures as to the grain-rates his road would charge always left out of consideration such important factors in railway operations as the cost of terminals, engineering expenses, shops, sidings, stations, coal-sheds, legal expenses and the competition of other roads taking away a part of the tonnage on which he depended. He figured, in a general way, that his road would cost so much per mile and that a certain rate on a given quantity of wheat would earn interest on that sum. He showed much zeal and energy, but his project was doomed to failure from the start.

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I HAVE an idea—no doubt an unpopular one—that times are not in reality nearly so hard as most people think, and that they are not hard at all with a large proportion of the population. Take the men who live on salaries, for example. Their incomes have been reduced a little from the figures of flush times, but they can buy more with their money than they could with what they then received. Take, too, the great army of steadily employed working-men. They never saw a time when a dollar will go as far as it now goes. Surely these two classes have nothing to kick about. The farmers, when they take into account what they now pay for machinery, groceries and clothes, are as well off as they ever were. This is demonstrated by the fact that the aggregate of farm mortgages is being considerably reduced year by year. Country merchants who manage their business prudently are getting along pretty well. Who, then, are the real sufferers? The men who made foolish investments and who committed imprudencies and extravagancies of one sort or another in the years of speculation. They are now groaning under the consequences of their own lack of good business sense. Our recent bank failures in St. Paul were the long-delayed but inevitable results of unwise loans made in the speculative era and renewed again and again in the hopes that the security on which they were based would improve in value. The borrowers appeared to be perfectly good when they got the money, but their wealth was largely in real estate on which they put absurdly exaggerated valuations. With the close of the speculative period this sort of property became practically valueless, because nobody wanted to buy it and it was a constant drain for taxes. The road from ballooning, kite-flying and rainbow-chasing back to the solid ground of common sense, real values and patient industry is a hard one to travel, but it must be traversed, whether men like it or not.

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A MEASURE is before the Minnesota Legislature which calls for the appropriation of \$5,000 for the purpose of providing two dairy instructors who shall be subject to the control of the State Experiment Station. The present system of instruction is satisfactory so far as it goes, but increase of factories and the growing desire that instruction in butter-making and cheese-making shall be extended to individual farmers and their wives and daughters, makes an increased number of instructors very necessary. With a proper force, the school of instruction can extend its work to rural districts and to farms as well, thus increasing largely the number of competent butter and cheese producers. With present facilities it is impossible to cover but a limited territory. The sum named is deemed sufficient for all purposes, and the proposition has the approval of prominent dairy promoters. So important have the dairy interests of the State become, that wise provisions of this nature are sure to receive cordial support.

A TRAVELING PARAGRAPHER.

His Paragraphlets has a word to say about the American flag not being in evidence on a recent visit to the United States consulate at Winnipeg. "I was trying to locate the residence by looking for the flag, which, I expected, and very naturally, would be flopping proudly in the wintry wind. The residence was finally discovered, but the nice white pole in the front yard had only a gilded knob on the upper end, and it seemed to offer a mute apology for the absence of the Stars and Stripes. Later, it was learned that nakedness was the normal condition of that flag-pole."

The paragraphic gentleman of nomadic habits has sent in a fourteen-line verse about "Sunset in a Sea of Snow." Out of consideration for the friends and family of the author of the lines, we refrain from publishing them. But if the U. S. mail bound for this office is ever again burdened with a similar attempt at poetry, we'll publish it—along with a group of portraits consisting of the author, "Poison Carrots," and his mother-in-law. Life-like photos of Poison and the old lady have just been received from Ed. Pierce, of the Grafton (N. D.) *Record*. The office-clock is totally disabled since their arrival, and even the city hall time-piece of fourteen horse-power shows symptoms of paresis. The time is coming when even an editor can pound his cigar-pocket and exclaim, tragically, that vengeance is his'n.

The T. P. calls attention to a matter that is brought frequently to the notice of country newspapers in the way of protest. This is the practice of dropping a large portion of the mail which should pass through the hands of the postmaster, in towns where his salary is regulated by the amount of stamps canceled, into the box at the hotel for delivery to the mail-car. It would be a very serious inconvenience to the traveling public, whose writing is in most cases done at the hotel after post-office hours, should these boxes be dispensed with; but there certainly should be some alternative whereby the worthy P. M. is not defrauded of his just due. Of course, such a provision could only be made by the authorities at Washington, and it does seem that so simple a difficulty could be overcome without expense or much trouble to anyone.

"In taking an inventory of my 'grip,' today," writes the young man, "I dug up a bill-o'-fare that was handed me some time ago, just when it would do the most good. It was the Christmas-dinner menu of a hotel in Valley City, N. D.—a town of possibly 2,000 inhabitants. About that time most of our Down-East neighbors supposed that N. D. people were living and dying beneath several dozen feet of snow, cut off from all luxuries and many of the necessities. Said menu, to resume my story, contained eleven items of meats and fish, and oysters in two styles; there were twelve items of vegetables and the same number of desserts, not counting the most excellent English plum-pudding. Among the heavier dishes were moose, black bear, and venison, all with proper trimmings. Everything was served in a style that left no doubt as to the chef's abilities. And when a score of the poor children of the town filed in and sat down to this feast at the invitation of the big-hearted landlord and landlady, I began

to feel that there was something in this world untainted by filthy lucre—something we might credit to Humanity on the book of life."

"It is frequently remarked that people who come from the East, South, or from the Pacific Coast States to Northwestern States and Provinces, during the coldest weather, do not feel at all inconvenienced by a twenty-below temperature if they are in good health. Those who have resided North for a number of years appear to need more clothing and to suffer more from extremes of temperature than the new-comers. I am inclined to believe that the majority of the former overdid themselves at the start, under the inspiration of the Northern ozone, and exposed themselves recklessly and unnecessarily; and many of them, I know, over-exert themselves under the same influence. The consequences may be reckoned as easily as in the case of a man taking too much stimulants. A man's first drink produces exhilaration, but the fiftieth, taken too soon after, doesn't."

The T. P.'s mind still runs to snow. He tells us what an inspiring sight it is to sit at the hotel office-window in Winnipeg, on a clear, crisp, zero-Sunday afternoon, and watch the "outfits" go by. It is presumed that by an "outfit" he means anything from a jack-rabbit's toboggan to a six-horse excursion steamer on bobs. That's probably it. But, listen: "Main Street, which is wide enough for an emperor's funeral procession, and smoothly paved with hard-packed snow, presents continually, in variety and style and number of equipages, filled with an equal variety of humanity clad in a still greater variety of winter clothes, a scene that would be worthy of St. Petersburg. Indeed, it is no common American variety show. The ladies wear headgear that is peculiarly Canadian. Their pretty, ruddy faces are not often hidden by the big caps of astrachan, coon, beaver or possum fur; neither by the big collars of the fur jackets that nearly all of them wear. Trust a good-looking woman for that! And everybody appeared to have a fast horse. The slow ones probably found the backstreets more congenial, if there were any such. Winnipeg is not slow in many respects. Her people breathe a kind of air that has an entirely different effect."

General Agent Sheriff of the Northern Pacific, at Mandan, N. D., has been letting the paragrapher in on the ground floor of his plan for burning lignite coal, a few billion tons of which are still unused in the country to the west of that town. The basement of Mr. Sheriff's residence was cleared last fall for the storage of the coal, which was placed there in sufficient quantity to last three or four months of "hard winter," and in as dry a condition as possible. An ordinary base-burner was set in the midst thereof, enclosed in a heavy sheet-iron jacket, making practically a furnace of it. Pipes were run to the upper floors to convey the heat where it would add most to the family's happiness, and provision was made for the gas that escapes—as this fuel does not commit the smoke nuisance. It was a success. The coal was kept dry, and the slabs, placed on edge in the stove, heated the house to the queen's taste. They are doing it yet, unless the flowers are blooming earlier than usual out there this year. Lignite coal is much more largely used in North Dakota than ordinarily supposed. Prior to the first of January, Mr. Sheriff further relates, only five cars of anthracite had reached there during the winter, while in one week in December eighty-seven cars of lignite passed through the Mandan station. The North Dakota Coal & Power Company, of Sims, ships an

average of eighty cars a month, and the mines at Dickinson, farther west, probably get out as much more. Wood is plentiful in many localities, and is sold generally at a moderate price. It will thus be seen that few North Dakotans have any excuse for freezing to death.

ESTABLISHING A RAILWAY FARE.

The ticket agent at Big Bend, one of the early Montana mining-camps, says a writer in the *Chicago Railway News*, was not the man for the place, and he realized it as well as many others. He was a nice man and knew his business, but he lacked sand. The fare from Big Bend to Black Hill was a dollar, but when any of the crowd wanted to go down they handed in two or three quarters, as the case might be, poked five or six inches of a revolver through the window, and called out:

"Ticket fur Black Hill, and don't waste too much time over it, neither!"

The agent always handed out a ticket and pretended that things were all right, and the boys played it on him till he had to throw up his job. One day the old man went and a new one took his place. Four or five of the gang went down to the depot to size the "new fellow" up. When they returned to camp there was a majority and a minority report. Bill Thompson was the spokesman for the majority, and he said:

"He's the sof'est thing in these yere parts. I'm not goin' to buy any more tickets; I'll scare 'em outer him. The sight of a gun will make his ha'r curl."

Bob Williams was spokesman for the minority, and he was all the minority there was, too. He looked serious as he said:

"He's a pale-faced, humble-looking critter, but don't make no mistake on him. He carries his forefinger kinder curled up, as if pulling a trigger, and the first man who shoves a gun in on him is goin' to get hot lead in return."

The camp was divided on the question, and, after much talk, Bill Thompson offered to make the test and settle the problem. In a day or two a score of us went down to witness the performance. We were lounging about the waiting-room when in walked Bill with a whoop, and, advancing to the ticket window, he gruffly inquired the fare to Black Hill.

"One dollar," was the reply.

"A dollar for me—Bill Thompson?"

"Yes, sir; for you or anybody else."

"And you won't take a half?"

"No, sir."

"You won't take it with this thing behind it?" continued Bill, as he shoved the coin along with the muzzle of his gun.

"No, sir, and—!" There was a pop! pop! and six bullets were chasing each other into William's anatomy. He lost a finger, had an ear split, an eyebrow shot off, got a rake across the chin and another across the scalp, and he didn't have time to fall until all was over. Then the agent opened the door of his office, looked us over, and said:

"I didn't shoot to kill, and he isn't hurt much. The fare to Black Hill is a dollar—exactly one dollar. Any one else want to get to Black Hill for a quarter?"

Without a word in reply we picked Bill up and lugged him off. He was also a very silent man. We had got him all bandaged up and out to bed before he was ready to talk, and then he simply inquired:

"Boys, who did all that shootin'?"

"Why, the feller you said you could bluff," answered one of the boys.

"—! but I thought I did!" he growled, as he turned his face to the wall and shed tears.

THE MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

Among the railways that have made remarkable progress during the past few years, notwithstanding hard times, is the Minneapolis & St. Louis line. When the present management assumed charge of the affairs of the road it was only to find that a complete reorganization was necessary from one end of the line to the other end. The success which has attended their efforts shows that able executives have planned wisely, and directed with great vigor every productive source of which the road is capable. Pursuing the policy of building up the local points along its line, the result is seen in stimulated business throughout the country traversed and in largely increased earnings for the road itself. While equipments and all facilities have kept pace with the rapid development of business, the entire line has been operated economically and it is today recognized as one of the best paying railway properties in the West. Its stockholders received \$453,000 in dividends the past year, and on Jan. 15 the regular semi-annual dividend of two and one-half per cent was paid on first preferred stock and one and one-half per cent on second preferred. The company owns 358.76 miles of road, exclusive of the St. Paul-White Bear line, which is leased to the St. Paul & Duluth. The company also leases 11.15 miles of line between Minneapolis and St. Paul, and operates on account of the owners the 212.6 miles of the Wisconsin, Minnesota & Pacific. Transportation earnings and expenses of the road for the year ending June 30, 1896, were as follows:

	Amount.	Increase.
Passenger.....	\$405,605.02	\$67,085.13
Mail.....	53,166.09	2,908.58
Express.....	33,150.00	5,502.28
Freight.....	1,500,379.06	121,594.73
Sundry.....	36,000.43	7,211.51
Total.....	\$2,028,300.60	\$204,302.23
Operating expenses.....	1,136,814.77	107,259.11
Earnings over operating expenses.....	\$891,485.83	\$97,043.12
Surplus.....	\$36,780.20	

The number of passengers carried during the year was 548,132, an increase of 58,516; and the total number of tons of freight carried was 1,194,819, an increase of 78,177.

Since this June report was issued the road has acquired by purchase the Minneapolis, New Ulm & Southwestern, which opens up profitable territory between Winthrop and New Ulm. By its connection with the C., R. I. & P. and the B., C., R. & N., the Minneapolis & St. Louis has a through line to Chicago and to St. Louis. Its bed is in splendid condition, and it is prepared to give the quickest possible service in all departments.

We give the names of the officers as follows: President, Edwin Hawley, New York; vice-

president, J. E. Searles, New York; treasurer, F. H. Davis, New York; secretary and assistant treasurer, Joseph Gaskell, Minneapolis; general counsel, William Strauss, New York;

engineer, William Crooks, Minneapolis; general ticket and passenger agent, A. B. Cutts; general freight agent, W. M. Hopkins.

One thing that has contributed largely to the road's prosperity is the fact that it runs through a section of country that possesses unrivaled agricultural advantages. A limited article forbids mention of its territory in detail, but the facts and illustrations which we are able to give of Lac Qui Parle County, in Western Minnesota, will fairly set forth the fertility and development of the country along the entire line. This county is free from debt, has money in its treasury, and its rate of taxation is among the lowest in the State. The towns are equally prosperous. There are ninety-nine school districts, half of which have a surplus in their treasuries. Schools, churches and good markets are provided with liberal hand, and good lands range in price from \$9 to \$25 per acre. Wheat, oats, barley, corn, flax, mangels, sugar-beets, carrots, rutabagas, potatoes and all kinds of root-crops are grown with flattering success, and horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are numerous and thrive well.

Here are a few figures which show the products of Lac Qui Parle County for 1896: Total acreage of wheat, 159,523; yield, 3,350,000 bushels; average yield per acre, twenty-one bushels; oats, 25,000 acres, yielded 1,500,000 bushels, or sixty-two bushels per acre; corn, 29,100 acres, yielded 1,305,000 bushels, or forty-five bushels per acre; barley, 5,420 acres, yielded 261,000 bushels, or fifty-one bushels per acre. There were 50,000 bushels of flax raised and 210,000 bushels of potatoes.

Nels Soderberg, who lives a half-mile from Dawson, had 350 acres of wheat that averaged twenty-seven and one-half bushels per acre; thirty acres of oats that averaged ninety-two bushels per acre, and fifty of corn that averaged fifty-one bushels to the acre.

John Olson, three miles east of Dawson, had 300 acres of wheat that averaged thirty-eight bushels per acre, twenty-five of oats that averaged eighty-two bushels per acre, the same in barley that run seventy-one bushels to the acre, and thirty of corn that produced seventy-five bushels per acre. He also harvested a fine crop of apples.

Mrs. Asleson, near Dawson, had an average of thirty-seven bushels of wheat from 100 acres, and of eighty-seven bushels of oats from twenty-nine acres.

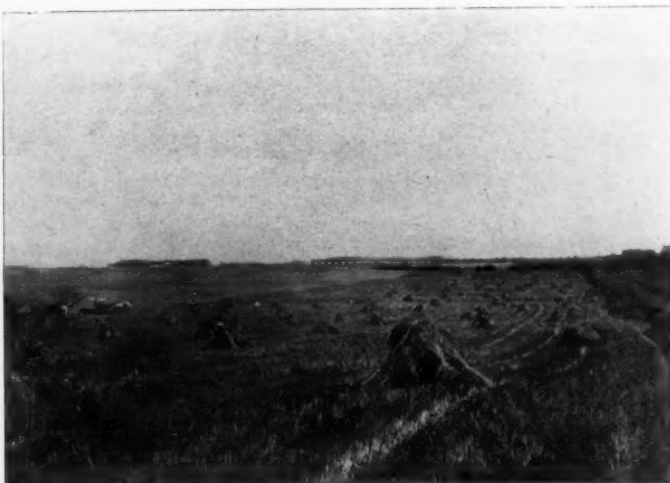
These statistics of individual achievements could be extended indefinitely, but enough are given to show that the country is remarkably productive and a good one to live in. For further information respecting transportation facilities address the general offices in Minneapolis



OAT-FIELD NEAR DAWSON, MINN. AVERAGE YIELD, 76 BUSHEL.



FARM RESIDENCE OF NELS SODERBERG, NEAR DAWSON, MINN.



A STRETCH OF WHEAT-LAND NEAR DAWSON, MINN.

general manager, A. L. Mohler, Minneapolis; general solicitor, A. E. Clarke, Minneapolis; auditor, O. C. Post, Minneapolis; general superintendent, T. E. Clarke, Minneapolis; chief en-



DAIRYING IN MINNESOTA.

Second Paper.

Since publishing our first paper on dairying in Minnesota, the sixth biennial report of the State Dairy and Food Commissioner has made its appearance. In this report Commissioner Anderson and his assistants have compiled statistics which will prove of great value to those who are interested in the progress and development of the dairy industry. The accompanying map, revised recently and prepared carefully by Assistant Commissioner E. J. Graham, shows the location and distribution of all the creameries, cheese factories and skimming stations now operated in the State. According to this latest map there are 445 creameries and sixty-two skimming stations in Minnesota. For all practical purposes these skimming stations may also be termed creameries, thus giving us a total of 507 butter-making factories. Of these, 303 are co-operative, 31 stock companies, 104 private and seven dividend creameries. Four hundred and four use the separator process, only forty-one continuing to use the old gathered-cream plan. Six hundred and sixty-nine separators are used, and nearly 50,000 dairy farmers contributed to the milk supply and received the bulk of the returns. From carefully compiled information it is shown that not less than 1,114,522,525 pounds of milk were deposited at the factories during the last fiscal year. For the same period the State is credited with 49,227,680 pounds of butter, to make which required 22.63 pounds of milk for each pound of butter. The value of the total yearly product was about \$9,049,956, and the average cost per pound for manufacturing was 2.25 cents—this cost ranging from .94 of one cent to over five cents per pound. The assistant State Dairy Commissioner advocates increasing the minimum number of cows per creamery to at least 400 instead of 300 on strictly economical grounds. He also recommends such revision of the dairy laws as shall enable the department to enforce better sanitary conditions, wherever needed, and to maintain a certain degree of skill on the part of factory operators.

Cheese-making is not credited with correspondingly rapid strides with the butter-making industry, but it shows substantial gains and a decided improvement in quality. In this department of the dairy field there seems to be a conflict of opinions between authorities, one side claiming that the butter industry is better adapted to State climatic conditions and far more profitable, while the cheese-making promoter is equally certain that, year by year, the manufacture of cheese possesses advantages over the creamery—especially from a profit-bearing point of view. There are sixty-nine cheese factories in the State, many of them being operated in connection with creameries. They are generally well conducted, employ the Babcock test, and are operated with increasing skillfulness from year to year. A number of these factories turn out full-cream cheese that is every way equal to the choicest New York product; a fact which would seem to substantiate the claim that Minnesota conditions are not antagonistic to the production of the most excellent grades of this popular foodstuff. That there is room for great improvement, none will deny. Good authorities are of the opinion that the present State standard for cheese—forty per cent of fat to total solids—is too low. To

have the industry on a perfectly safe basis and be consistent with State laws for the standard of milk,—3.50 per cent of fat,—they advocate the raising of the standard to not less than fifty per cent of fat to total solids.

Since beginning this series of papers on the dairy industry, persistent inquiry, made very generally throughout the State, has developed requirements that were but little talked of previously. Chief of these is the need of a foreign outlet for our dairy products. A majority of prominent butter-makers and a large number of leading dealers in butter and cheese regard a foreign market as an imperative necessity. They say that we have reached the limit of home consumption, and that the future growth of dairy industries depends upon markets that can be established outside of the United States. If this be true, new conditions must be imposed upon butter and cheese manufacturers. There must be uniform State laws and a uniform State standard of excellence. European preferences must be studied—color, saltiness, and style of packing. The grade must



HENRY AMES, OF LITCHFIELD, MINN.,
President Minnesota State Dairymen's Association.

be uniform and the products such as shall give reputation to the State they come from. It is probable that the proposed Dairy Boards of Trade, with a Central Board in St. Paul, will exercise a powerful influence in bringing about these desired improvements both as regards foreign markets and the quality of goods that are designed for export trade. The people of a State whose combined dairy interests amounted to at least \$20,000,000 for 1896, cannot afford to miss any opportunity for enhancing the reputation or for extending the demand of its dairy products. Every pound of good butter or of good cheese that is produced displaces a pound of poor stuff—to produce which costs fully as much in feed, care and investment as the higher and more profitable grades. There is no industry in the State that has wrought so good a work for agricultural interests as dairying, and none that is more worthy of substantial encouragement from the State and its enterprising citizens.

WHAT MINNESOTA CREAMERY INTERESTS NEED.

BY HENRY AMES, PRESIDENT MINNESOTA STATE DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

From churning butter by trotting a camel loaded with skins of goat-milk over the Arabian Desert, to the Fargo or Disbrow combined churn and butter-worker, is a long way and one that would not interest the man who lives in the present and for the future to follow. It is but a few years since the cream separator—a Scandinavian invention—made its appearance in the State. Extracting all the cream, it is justly claimed for this machine that it saves enough over the old gravity system of creaming to pay the expense of the entire creamery, besides taking the drudgery of butter-making away from the home.

The modern creamery, handling daily from 5,000 to 40,000 or more pounds of milk, has reduced the one or two hundred kinds of butter—for each farmer claimed his wife made the best—that were formerly made in neighborhood districts, to one of uniform quality; and the four hundred and fifty or five hundred creameries in the State have reduced the number of the different grades of butter to considerable less than that number—thanks to the good work done by the Dairymen's School at St. Anthony Park, and the skill of our butter makers, who rank with the best.

But there is room for great improvement. We are not receiving the full measure of profit which the present system makes possible. If we are to obtain a standing in the foreign market,—from which we have been driven by a fraud that we have allowed to grow up,—a more uniform article must be made as well as one which shall meet the changed requirements of that market. To secure uniformity a system must be devised which will be to the creameries of the State what the creamery is to the neighborhood in which it is located. While we have been booming the creamery business and increasing the output to the utmost, practically no attention has been given to the outlet. This matter now deserves our prompt and serious attention.

With double the amount of last June's butter in cold storage ever known at this time, the increased flow of milk close at hand causes many who have studied the situation to look to the coming season, and its probable large increase over any previous year, with a great deal of anxiety.

We seem to think that an outlet will come as a matter of course, but those who think that the dairy industry is sailing upon a summer sea are destined to a rude and early awakening, unless prompt and energetic action is taken. Very much of our future success depends upon what the dairymen of the State do during the coming months. We have now passed the limit of home consumption, and a foreign market becomes a necessity. With the world for a competitor, competition is greatly sharpened. Flatter ourselves as we may, it is not to our credit that Canadian butter sells for two cents above our own, and that in the British market our butter is spoken of as cheap American stuff, the main objection being lack of uniformity, overcoloring and salting, a box instead of a tub for packing, and last, but by no means least, a uniform fine flavor—which can only be secured by the most rigid cleanliness from cow to market. In securing this there are difficulties which can only be overcome by the strong hand of the State, and dairymen should not only cheerfully submit to, but should solicit, the most thorough policing of the industry. When the butter-eating world learns that the dairy industry of Minnesota is under rigid supervi-

ion and inspection, as are our beef and pork-slaughtering and packing industries, and that the name "Minnesota" upon our butter is made a guarantee of uniform excellence, we will have a standing in the world's market that I see no

other way to obtain. This is very imperative.

Better refrigerator service is also required. Dairymen of the State should not be satisfied with a service which permits butter to reach the seaboard one or two grades "off;" and to

this is added the proposition to still further discriminate against the dairymen, for the avowed purpose that competition in buying may be reduced and profits increased. In shipping to foreign markets a northern line, via



DAIRY MAP OF MINNESOTA, PREPARED BY ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER E. J. GRAHAM.

Montreal, offers many advantages to the Minnesota shipper, among them being a shorter, cooler, cheaper route. Denmark subsidizes a line of steamships, which furnishes perfect refrigeration for butter shipped to England. Canada is doing likewise, and, in addition, has appropriated \$145,000 with which to build a complete chain of refrigerators from the makers to the consuming markets, and to otherwise aid dairying. Australia is also taking prompt measures to secure her share of trade. And what are we doing? No man ever succeeded in business who always waits for his competitors to show him the way.

There is a profitable future for dairying in Minnesota, I firmly believe, if we will push to the front and stay there. Shall we do it? Better breeding, more skillful feeding and better business methods in marketing are required. In opening a foreign market, the coming Secretary of Agriculture can be of great service if he be the right man—one who is in close touch with and who thoroughly understands the needs of the dairy industry. The Northwest can furnish such a man, one who has had large experience in public affairs and an ex-governor of his State. May the future favor us.

BEST DAIRY FOODSTUFFS.

BY T. L. HAECKER, PROFESSOR OF DAIRY HUSBANDRY
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, AND SUPT. OF DAIRY
SCHOOL AT STATE EXPERIMENT STATION.

Never has there been, in my recollection, so much inquiry among farmers in regard to best methods of feeding as during the past year. I am receiving letters almost daily requesting information as to how certain kinds of grain should be fed to secure best results. This is doubtless caused by the low prices of dairy products. Until recently, it mattered little how we fed, as there would always be a good margin between the market price of foodstuffs and the receipt for dairy products. But of late, feeders find that the time of hap-hazard feeding is past and that they must figure expenses rather closely if the balance is to come out on the right side of the ledger.

It seems to me that the market prices of our foodstuffs are not always based upon their real feeding value, and that farmers could often secure large profits if they would carefully study the composition of the different kinds of feed. It is now generally understood by intelligent farmers that a cow must have about twenty-nine pounds of food per day, containing twenty-five pounds of dry matter which should have two pounds of digestible proteine, thirteen pounds of carbo-hydrates and six pounds of fat. Since the nutrients known as carbo-hydrates and fat are found in abundance in such cheap food as stover, fodder-corn and straw, that part of the ration can be furnished without difficulty; but with the proteine it is different, and

the real, practical question is, how can the ration be made to furnish the right amount of proteine and at the same time have it cheap? Under present conditions I would say, feed bran and shorts. But the universal answer is, "bran is too light; it will not make rich milk." Feeders for meat are especially prejudiced against bran. While this is not in my line, yet I believe that a dollar's worth of bran will grow more and better meat than a dollar's worth of corn. In giving expression to this belief I wish it distinctly understood that I have reference to Minnesota conditions only.

During the past two months bran, much of the time, has been quoted from \$3.25 to \$4.00 per ton, and much has been and is being used



PROFESSOR T. L. HAECKER.

for fuel. If the feeding value of this by-product were better understood, it certainly would not go begging at such prices when corn and barley can be sold for sixteen to twenty cents at local stations.

Our winter's supply of bran was purchased in August, when it was quoted at \$4.50 per ton, believing at the time that there would be no further decline; but, soon after contracting for it, bran dropped to \$3.25 in Minneapolis, and many of the country mills found bran accumulating at \$3 per ton. While hard times may have been the chief cause of farmers refusing to buy bran at such figures, yet, if the feeding value of bran and shorts were better understood, they would probably have sold other grains and bought more freely of these more valuable by-products.

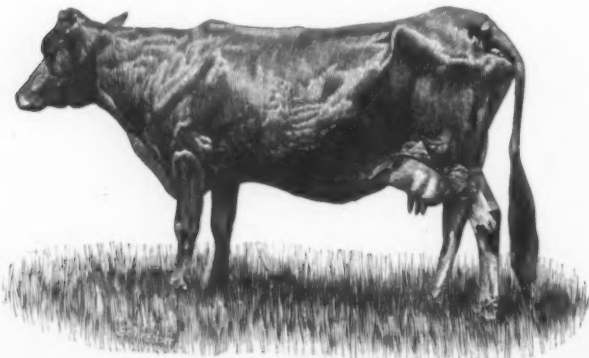
In order that I might impress this matter more clearly and strongly upon the minds of our students at the School of Agriculture and Dairy School, and more readily compound economical rations for dairy stock in the course of lectures I am giving to creamery patrons, I have prepared a table giving the comparative value of different foodstuffs based upon the percentage of digestible proteine with bran as a basis selling at a given price, for grain and with timothy hay as a basis for coarse fodders:

Foodstuffs.	Value per ton or bushel when bran is			
	\$4.50,	\$6.00,	\$8.00,	\$10.00
Bran.....	\$4.50	\$6.00	\$8.00	\$10.00
Barley.....	8	11	15	18
Corn.....	9	12	16	21
Corn and cob-meal.....	8	11	15	18
Millet seed.....	10	13	17	22
Oats.....	5	7	9	12
Pease.....	20	28	27	47
Rye.....	11	14	19	24
Shorts.....	3 60	4 80	6 40	8 00
Wheat.....	12	15	20	25
Cotton-seed meal.....	11 52	15 36	20 48	25 60
Linseed meal.....	9 93	13 25	17 66	22 08

Foodstuffs.	Value per ton when timothy is			
	\$4.50,	\$6.00,	\$8.00,	\$10.00
Timothy hay.....	4 50	6 00	8 00	10 00
Clover hay, red.....	10 06	13 41	17 88	22 35
Corn stover.....	2 65	3 53	4 70	5 88
Fodder-corn.....	3 44	4 59	6 12	7 65
Prairie hay (upland).....	4 67	6 17	8 23	10 20
Prairie hay (mixed).....	4 50	6 00	8 00	10 00
Sedge grass.....	4 50	6 00	8 00	10 00

It appears from this table that when bran costs \$4.50 per ton the feeding value of barley is eight cents a bushel, corn nine cents, oats five cents and wheat twelve cents. That when bran costs \$10 barley is worth eighteen cents, corn twenty-one cents, oats twelve cents and wheat twenty-five cents. In another column in the above table, but which is not put in for want of space, it appears that the average local prices in the State for the grains mentioned are: barley sixteen cents, corn sixteen cents, oats fourteen cents. Also, by referring to the lower part of the table, it appears that when timothy hay is worth \$4.50 per ton, clover is worth \$10, upland prairie hay \$4.63 and fodder-corn \$3.44 per ton; and when timothy sells for \$6 clover is worth \$13.41 and fodder-corn \$4.59. When we take into consideration that 8,000 pounds of dry matter can be secured from an acre of fodder-corn and only about 3,300 pounds from an acre of timothy, or that an acre of fodder-corn will produce twice the food value of an acre of timothy, the importance of growing fodder-corn for dairy stock becomes apparent.

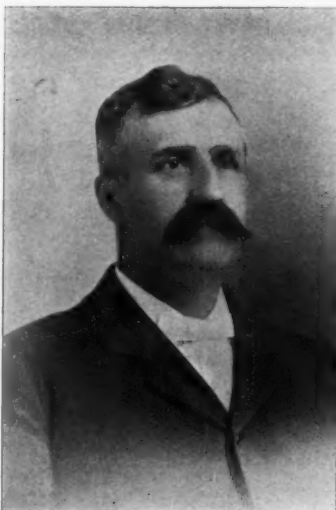
During the past four years we have kept an accurate record of every ration fed to our dairy cows and young stock, weighing the grain and roughage and making a careful analysis of all foodstuffs and weighing the milk and testing it for percentage of fat contents, and in all this work there seems to be strong testimony that a cow will do her maximum work with a bal-



"DORA"—AN IDEAL DAIRY TYPE.



"DIDO"—COMBINATION BEEF AND DAIRY COW.



C. C. EMERSON.

anced ration composed of any of the ordinary foodstuffs, provided they are palatable and digestible. This being the case, the judicious feeder will select the cheapest feed that will make a palatable balanced ration.

If we take fodder-corn for roughage, bran and shorts for the grain portion of a ration, valuing corn-fodder at \$4.50 per ton, we have the following:

Food.	Lbs.	D. M.	Pro.	Digestible.— C.-H. Fat.	Cost Cts.
Fodder-corn.....	18	12.78	.47	6.01 .25	1.80
Bran.....	12	8.95	1.25	4.21 .36	2.25
Shorts.....	4	3.58	.40	2.23 .09	.90
	25.31	2.12	13.35	.68	4.95

This gives a daily ration costing practically five cents per day for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds in ordinary working condition.

Now, if we have regard for the health of our cows, we add some cooling and succulent food, such as mangels, beets, or carrots, which improves the ration and at the same time reduces the expense a trifle. In case we have no fodder-corn, stover can be substituted:

Food.	Lbs.	D. M.	Pro.	Digestible.— C.-H. Fat.	Cost Cts.
Stover.....	18	10.80	.36	6.01 .10	.90
Bran.....	10	8.95	1.25	4.21 .36	2.25
Shorts.....	4	3.58	.40	2.23 .09	.90
Beets.....	10	1.50	.15	1.23 .01	.05
	24.83	2.16	13.68	.56	4.10

If a cow, on this ration, gives fourteen pounds of butter per week,—and we have some that are doing better than that,—it takes just two cents' worth of feed to make a pound of butter; and if we feed it to a steer that gains two pounds per day, it takes two cents' worth of feed to make a pound of grain.

But, says a farmer, I have no bran and shorts, and I have a lot of corn worth in the market only sixteen cents a bushel, oats fourteen cents and some barley that would sell slow at sixteen cents. Why not feed the grain? It is well to feed the grain if it is the best we can do; but it always pays to figure a little on the cost; so we will substitute some grain at prices quoted, making no charge for grinding.

Food.	Lbs.	D. M.	Pro.	Digestible.— C.-H. Fat.	Cost Cts.
Stover.....	12	7.20	.24	4.08 .07	.6
Prairie hay.....	6	5.25	.21	2.50 .08	.9
Corn.....	6	5.34	.54	4.11 .18	1.9
Barley.....	6	3.29	.55	3.54 .10	1.9
Oil-meal.....	2	1.80	.54	.06 .14	1.6
	24.88	2.08	14.79	.57	6.9

By substituting the grains for the millstuffs and balancing the ration with prairie hay and oil-meal, we find the daily cost of the ration increased nearly seventy per cent, and I do not think the increase in the daily milk yield, if any, would be but a trifle as compared with the

increased cost of feeding the grain. If timothy and clover are used for roughage, valuing the former at \$4.50 per ton and the latter at \$4, we have a ration that costs 8.3 cents, which is more than twice the cost of the ration composed of stover, bran, shorts and beets. I believe there is a possibility of great improvement in our methods of feeding, both for milk and meat.

WHY MINNESOTA BUTTER IS WANTED.

BY J. S. MOODY, SECRETARY MINNESOTA BUTTER AND CHEESE COMPANY, ST. PAUL.

While it has been well said "that making good butter is an art," perfection in butter-making cannot be attained by art alone. It requires the assistance of natural advantages. The nutritious grasses, pure water and dry air of Minnesota are advantages that the dairymen should not overlook. These advantages, together with skilled butter-makers, have raised Minnesota butter to the highest standard of excellence, and Eastern dealers and exporters are recognizing this fact. The demand for Minnesota butter is increasing constantly, and to



J. S. MOODY.

meet this demand new creameries are being built continually. There are now in this State nearly 500 separator creameries in successful operation, most of them on the co-operative plan; and at the rate new plants are now being started, Minnesota will soon head the list of dairy States not only in the quality of butter produced, but in quantity as well.

The grasses of Minnesota contain less water and more nutrients than grasses grown in States east and south of it, and because of this the butter has a better grain and body and will therefore keep in good condition longer and show less shrinkage than butter made in any of the older dairy States. For these reasons it commands a premium of a half-cent to a cent per pound more than the highest quotations for Elgin and other Western "Extra Creamery" butter on the New York and other Eastern markets.

The average yield of butter to the 100 pounds of milk is larger in Minnesota than in any State east or south of it. This has encouraged the dairymen to invest their money in cows and go into the business on an extensive scale. They are taking great pains in the feeding of their cows and the care of their milk, so as to have it delivered at the factory in the best possible condition.

Minnesota creamerymen are opposed to the adulteration of butter; they do not use drugs of any kind to produce flavor or to cover up defects, but depend entirely upon pure milk, cleanliness and skillful workmanship to produce the desired result.

DAIRY INDUSTRIES AS VIEWED BY PROMINENT ST. PAUL COMMISSION MEN.

A struggling dairy industry would stand but a poor show were it not for the ready support given it by commission men. Its strongest support, however, comes from the same source after it has become established on a firm basis—as is the case with Minnesota dairy interests. The commission houses of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth handle vast quantities of Minnesota and Dakota butter and cheese, and it is doubtless owing to their efforts that so broad a market has been found for these products. Nor are these dairy foods always handled on a brokerage basis; they are frequently bought outright, thus enabling the manufacturers to realize on their output at once.

Knowing that the interests of these men are closely associated with those of butter and cheese producers, we have taken pains to interview a number of the leading dealers for the purpose of learning just what they think of the present status of the dairy business. Among those called upon is

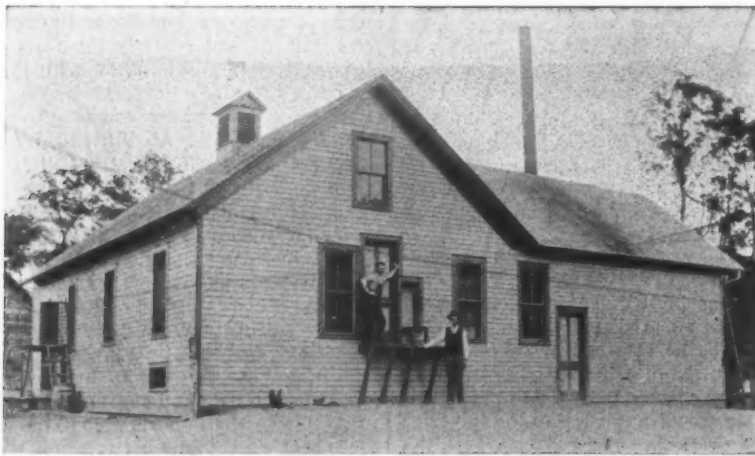
RALPH E. COBB,

whose large general commission house is at 31-33 East Third Street, in St. Paul. Handling, as he does, immense quantities of dairy products annually, his knowledge of the industry is thorough and his interest in it practical. Within a few weeks, last summer, this one house sent to New York, for export trade, some twenty-five car-loads of butter—a slight indication of the value of these wholesale houses to butter-makers generally.

While Mr. Cobb is pleased with the progress made in the State dairy field to date, he, also, is strongly of the opinion that the time has come when the industry must seek a more general foreign outlet for its products. It may be that we have not yet reached the limit of home consumption, he says, but the future growth of the industry needs the stimulus of an ever active and waiting market, and such a demand will be influenced or created by a steady foreign call for our butter and cheese. He observes, practically, that we need markets which will



R. E. COBB.



FACTORY OF THE ALBANY CREAMERY CO. AT ALBANY, MINN.

take our creamery products as fast as they are manufactured—thus leaving no large surplus of stock to go into cold storage and be subject to the manipulations of a purely speculative market. Butter held in storage for speculative purposes is, year by year, as liable to result in loss as in profit. A steady market is far more desirable to all parties.

So far as the Dairy Board of Trade idea is concerned, Mr. Cobb holds the opinion that it would stimulate the dairy business and go far towards encouraging, and almost compelling, better and more uniform grades of butter. But he does not favor the proposal to market Minnesota butter in Europe on the syndicate plan, similar to the flouring-mill interests, for the reason that he thinks individual enterprise would be productive of larger results. We can make the best of butter here—make it for less money than it can be made in Denmark or elsewhere, and there is no reason why our butter-makers should not be able to meet any and all competition on European soil.

C. C. EMERSON'S VIEWS.

Mr. C. C. Emerson, the prominent wholesale commission merchant whose house is located at 26 East Third Street, St. Paul, deals very extensively in Minnesota cheese products and in the lower grades of butter. His conversation was mainly on the cheese question, upon which he is regarded as excellent authority. Mr. Emerson's experience with Minnesota cheese, both in times past as well as present, simply goes to fortify one in the belief that cheese interests should keep even pace with butter-making interests. To his personal knowledge, full-cream cheese is made, and can be made here which is fully equal in quality to the best Eastern product. This statement is backed by information which Mr. Emerson has gained from a twenty years' residence in the State, during which time he has handled an enormous quantity of cheese. He is firmly of the opinion that the State should have instructors in cheese-making as well as in butter-making, and regards the former as the most profitable branch of the dairy industry. In times past one trouble that the State experienced in maintaining a reputation for high-grade full-cream

cheese, lay in the fact that some factories, after having established a first-class brand, would put in less skillful cheese-makers and so lower the standard of their cheese that it brought discredit upon themselves and injured the reputation of the entire State product. Wise laws, together with judicious instruction in cheese-making, would have the effect, in Mr. Emerson's opinion, of so regulating and encouraging the cheese industry that it would soon prove a worthy rival of our magnificent butter manufacturing interests.

MINNESOTA STATE CREAMERIES.

[NOTE.—Owing to the lateness of the season, the creameries of the State will be more fully represented and illustrated in future numbers of this magazine.—Ed.]

THE FINE CREAMERY AT ALBANY, STEARNS CO.

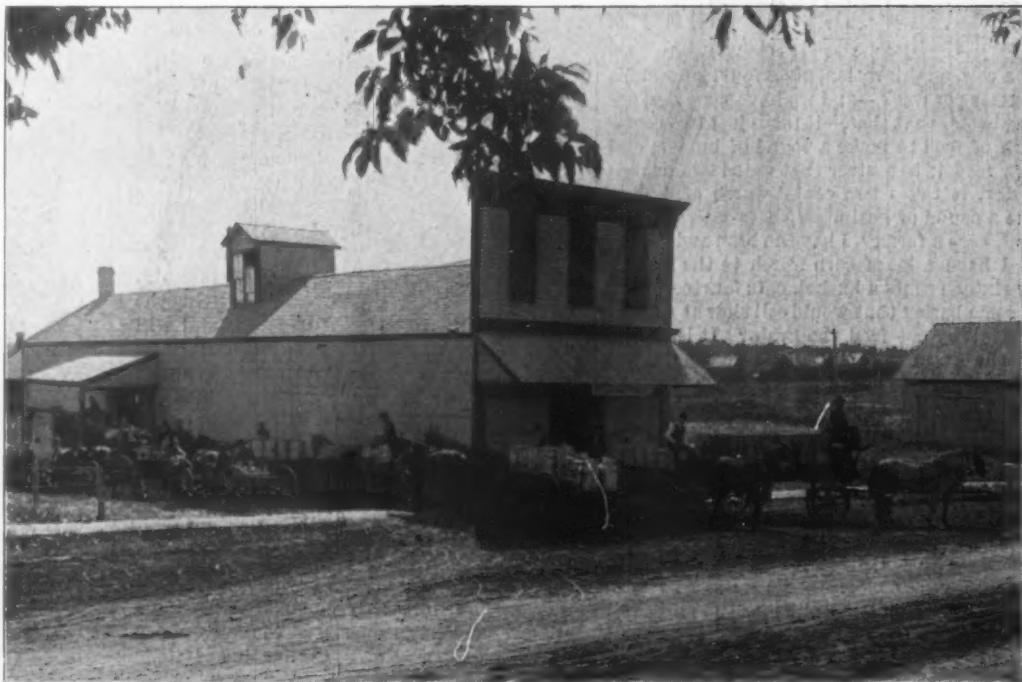
Not far from St. Paul, in a northwesterly direction and in the county of Stearns, is the pretty town of Albany, the home of one of the most successful creamery plants in the State. The Albany Creamery Company established its factory in May, 1896, at a cost of \$3,600. It is a two-separator plant, the capacity of which is 24,000 pounds of milk and 1,200 pounds of but-

ter daily. About 1,000 cows are available, and the manufactured product, at an average market value of eighteen and one-fourth cents per pound, is worth a good \$60,000 annually. All this butter grades "extra" or "Elgin" and is marketed in New York. E. A. Kepper, the manager, is one of the most expert butter-makers in Minnesota. The high grade of the output of this factory, and the ready market awaiting it, are due largely if not altogether to his superior skill and competent supervision. In no other industry does good or poor management manifest itself so quickly and emphatically. The best-equipped creamery on earth is powerless to turn out a high grade of butter unless all its operations are directed by an expert butter-maker like Mr. Kepper.

The main building of the Albany Creamery Company is 28x42 feet in dimensions, the coal, engine and ice-rooms being 18x24 feet. Ventilation is by way of the roof, and excellent drainage is had through a sewer which has a twelve-foot fall and extends to North Lake Creek. Messrs. Schaefer, Kraker and Wertin, the proprietors, are solid business men who command the respect of the entire community and who, when they constructed this factory, evidently proposed to have a creamery plant that would reflect credit upon Albany, themselves, and the State at large.

CHEESE AND BUTTER-MAKING AT FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

One of the largest, best equipped and most noted cheese and butter factories in Minnesota is the Chappell factory at Fergus Falls, in Otter Tail County. W. L. Chappell, the proprietor, is a New Yorker by birth and has been in the cheese business since he was fifteen years old. For seventeen years he ranked among the most expert cheese-makers of that old banner dairy State. In 1890 he came to Fergus Falls and bought the cheese factory that had been started by Capt. O. C. Chase. The plant was improved, its capacity increased, and it did not take Mr. Chappell long, with his broad experience and expert knowledge, to make it one of the largest and best in the State. Rebuilt, remodeled and equipped with the most approved apparatus for either butter or cheese-making, it is a model plant in every respect.



W. L. CHAPPELL'S CHEESE FACTORY AND CREAMERY AT FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

Excepting a few months in winter seasons, Mr. Chappell devotes his time to the manufacture of full-cream cheese exclusively. This cheese has taken premiums at the State Fair for years past, and last year it took the first prize and the grand sweepstakes award, too—a magnificent silver pitcher valued at \$100. As this made the third time that Mr. Chappell had won the sweepstakes, the prize, according to the rules of the donors, is now his very own. His three prize exhibits—"Cheddars," "Twins" and "Young Americas"—averaged ninety-seven per cent in quality out of a possible 100. He also secured the first premium at the Tri-State Fair in Sioux Falls, S. D., last fall, and at the St. Louis County fair at Duluth.

In the winter months this plant is heated with steam, and in warm weather it is cooled by cold water conveyed through the same pipes. Mr. Chappell may justly be called the father and chief promoter of dairy industries in Otter Tail County. He has preached and talked dairying until he has aroused a wide and increasing interest in the subject, and the citizens of that part of the State are confessedly under many obligations to him.

A GREAT BUTTER AND CHEESE DEPOT.

Among St. Paul houses that are known clear through to the Pacific Coast, is the Minnesota Butter & Cheese Company. It was established three years ago, and its office and warehouse are at No. 65 East Third Street, one of the busiest localities in the city. L. L. C. Brooks is the president and J. S. Moody the secretary and treasurer of the company. As manufacturers and jobbers of high-grade separator creamery butter and full-cream cheese, in which products it deals exclusively, the growth of the business has been so great that the company ranks not only as the sole exclusive butter and cheese house in the Northwest, but as the largest dealers in these products as well. Every pound of butter sold by the company is of its own make and brand—the famous "Clover Leaf" article. This brand is a favorite wherever sold, and it is sold to nearly all the large hotels and leading grocers in St. Paul, and large quantities are also shipped to Montana, Idaho, Washington and the whole Northwest.

Aside from its own make, the Minnesota Butter & Cheese Company controls the entire output of several of the largest and best cheese factories in Wisconsin. The company handles full-cream cheese exclusively. No poor products, be it butter or cheese, ever bears the company's brands or is permitted to leave its warehouses under the "Clover Leaf" brand. When the business was started, it was with the intention of establishing a large butter and cheese trade strictly on merit. This has been done, and now the company has a reputation to maintain—a reputation that is worth thousands of dollars to it annually. St. Paul is undoubtedly the largest dairy center west of Elgin: so it is



WHOLESALE HOUSE OF MINNESOTA BUTTER & CHEESE CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

an unrivaled market for the goods handled by this extensive butter and cheese-making firm. The company in question could not make and sell such enormous quantities of butter and cheese, were it not for the fact that in flavor, keeping qualities and sterling merit generally, the goods thus made and sold are in every respect high-grade. It is safe to say that the "Clover Leaf" brand of creamery butter and full-cream cheese will never have a superior in the Northwestern market. Another item of interest is the fact that in packing this brand of butter over twenty different styles of packages are used—a specialty being made of packing butter for shipment to hot climates. June butter, held in cold storage by this company, sold at a cent per pound above top quotations in New York for that market and for foreign export.

THE LARGEST CREAMERY SUPPLY HOUSE.

"My son," said an old farmer to his boy, "when you buy a horse buy a good horse, for never a man yet found profit in a cheap article, be it horse, pump, or coffee-mill." Such advice is equally good when applied to the creamery or dairy business. Whatever you buy, let it be the best that the markets afford. If you are building or intend to build a creamery, it will pay to get the best equipments that money can purchase. In other words, it will pay to deal with a house like the Creamery Package Manufacturing Co. of Mankato, Minn., probably the largest makers of creamery machinery in the country. This company finds pleasure in recommending the time-tried Alpha separators, New Disbrow combined churns and workers, Ideal testers, and their steel boilers and Ideal balanced valve engines. The company's sole business is the manufacture and sale of creamery and cheese-factory apparatus. It furnishes equipments complete, and handles only the best supplies. If you contemplate the erection of a

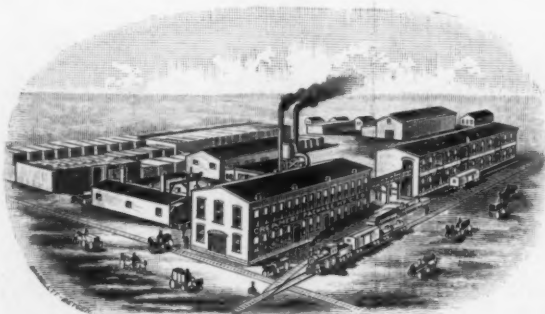
creamery or cheese factory, just write to this company and receive, free of charge, plans and specifications for the buildings, lists of supplies and apparatus needed, etc.—never forgetting to state the number of cows you will probably have and what your probable needs will be. The Mankato Creamery Package Manufacturing Co. is the oldest creamery supply house in the West. It has equipped nearly 200 creameries in Minnesota and the Dakotas alone, and hundreds throughout the Northwest. General Western agents for the renowned Alpha De Laval separators, now so generally used throughout the country, and noted for their promptness and thoroughness in all that they undertake, it is not surprising that the members of this Mankato company find their business growing in volume annually, despite hard times, and bidding fair to compel a still greater enlargement of manufacturing facilities in the near future.

A SUCCESSFUL WINDMILL.

Down in Faribault, Minn., are manufacturers of windmills that have become justly famous wherever used. We refer to the celebrated "Hazen Windmill." F. W. Winter & Co., the manufacturers of this mill, have rendered a genuine service to farmers generally and to dairymen in particular. Many windmills that are put upon the market are good for some purposes and under certain conditions, but this Hazen windmill is good for all purposes for which a windmill can be used, and it works successfully under all possible conditions. It grinds feed, chops fodder, shells corn, pumps water, saws wood, etc., etc. A visit to Faribault will show that Messrs. Winter & Co. not only make windmills, but furnish any kind of machinery necessary to connect with windmills. They make the ordinary pumping-mill of the



Hazen pattern and also the Hazen geared windmill. With the latter is furnished all the necessary upright shafting with boxes, twelve feet of line shafting with boxes, three pulleys, crank shaft, and gears for pump. The Hazen mill does good work and can be governed perfectly whether geared or not. They have been in use a long time, and give universal satisfaction. Both material and workmanship are the best. No matter how gentle the breeze or violent the gale, these mills are subject to perfect control and never fail to pump water. They raise water every time the wheel turns—because they make a full stroke of the pump-rod to every revolution of the wind-wheel, thus causing the pump-rod to act often enough to raise water; while the triple-motion mills move the pump-rod so slowly that no water is raised and the tank remains dry. For the finest, strongest, safest, most reliable and best governed windmill, dairymen and farmers can make no mistake in purchasing the popular Hazen windmill, made by F. W. Winter & Co. of Faribault. Send for their circulars.



PLANT OF CREAMERY PACKAGE MANUFACTURING CO., MANKATO, MINN.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The St. Paul Union Stock-Yards.

This mammoth institution was established, in 1888, with a due regard for the future development of the live stock interests of the Northwest. The yards have capacity for storing and feeding ten thousand beeves, one hundred thousand sheep and eight or ten thousand hogs; while the slaughtering capacity of the various plants amount to eight hundred beeves, five thousand hogs and five thousand sheep per day.

The slaughtering-houses and packing-houses are immense brick and iron structures with all the modern improvements for the saving of labor and money in their operation. The combined cost of the several packing-houses now in operation is about one million dollars.

When these industries were started in 1888, the first hundred thousand hogs to supply the houses were brought from Iowa and Missouri, it being impossible to secure from the farms tributary to the market more than fifty thousand hogs in one year; but the change in this respect has been marked, as the figures show. There are packed here each year in the neighborhood of five hundred thousand hogs, twenty thousand beeves and thirty or forty thousand sheep—figures which, large as they are, increase about twenty-five per cent annually.

It is estimated that the live stock bought and sold at South St. Paul amounts to ten or twelve million dollars each year, this large sum of money being distributed among the farmers of Minnesota, Northern Wisconsin and North and South Dakota. The market conditions at South St. Paul are based upon the Chicago market, which has long since become the governing live-stock market of the world. Anything in the shape of live stock, whether ready for the block or for feeding, finds a ready market here, as the feeders of the grain States to the south and west are constantly on this market for their supplies.

The management of the yards, the packing-houses, and the meat dealers, is broad gauged and fair, and persons coming to this market always find gentlemen to deal with who have a high regard for their reputation and a high

sense of business integrity. South St. Paul is rapidly developing into the greatest live-stock market of the Northwest, and a few years more of its past rapid growth will make it second to but few of the markets of the country.

The business management of the Union Stock-Yards is in the hands of that active, wide-awake hustler, General Mark D. Flower, who is ably assisted by General Superintendent H. B. Carroll, who is ever zealous in looking after the patrons of the yards. It is expected that within the coming year several extensive packing-houses for the slaughter of all kinds of food animals will be established at this point, thus increasing the already enormous facilities of this immense plant.

One of Minnesota's Model Flouring-Mills.

On the main line of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad and about forty-three miles southeast of Minneapolis is the substantial town of New Prague. The town is in the midst of a rich farming country and the soil in the vicinity equals in fertility and productiveness any in the State.

The one remarkable thing about the town, however, is the magnificent mill-plant owned by the New Prague Flouring-Mill Company. The business was founded by J. H. Mallery in the fall of 1892. It prospered under skillful and careful management, and the brands of flour manufactured by Mr. Mallery became widely known for their uniformly excellent quality.

In the spring of 1896 it became necessary to largely increase the mill's facilities for making flour in order to meet the growing demands of the trade. In June of last year the present corporation was organized, a site was purchased, and the building of the present mill was begun and pushed rapidly to completion.

From top to bottom the plant is new. The building is constructed of cream-colored Chaska brick, has a sub-basement, and is five full stories in height. Its ground dimensions are 48x66 feet. The engine and boiler-rooms are 38x48 feet in dimensions, and fire-proof.

On the right of the mill, and not far distant,

is the company's cooper-shop, a building that is 30x100 feet in size and a plant which furnishes employment to a large number of men. An elevated track conveys the barrels directly to the packing-room in the mill.

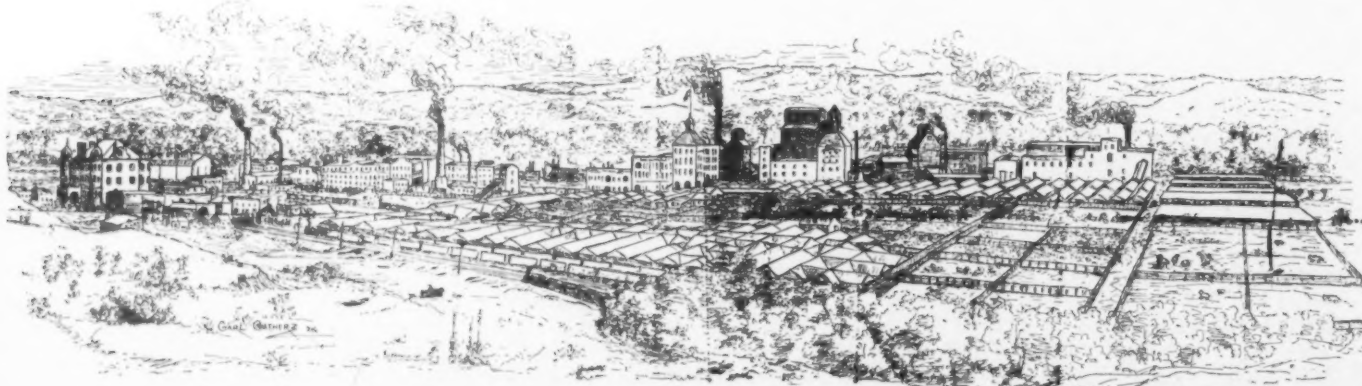
The office stands to the left of the mill and in the direct line of approach from the town's main street. It is a commodious building and contains a large counting-room and two handsome private offices, the president's and the secretary's. Steam-heated, electric lighted, with a vault of solid masonry and all modern office fixtures and furnishings, it is one of the neatest, brightest and best arranged office buildings the writer has seen.

Adjoining the mill is a large modern warehouse, two full stories in height, having a capacity for twenty-five car-loads of flour and fifty car-loads of feed. In addition to this, and exclusive of the storage in mill-bins, the company has storage at the station for 100,000 bushels of wheat.

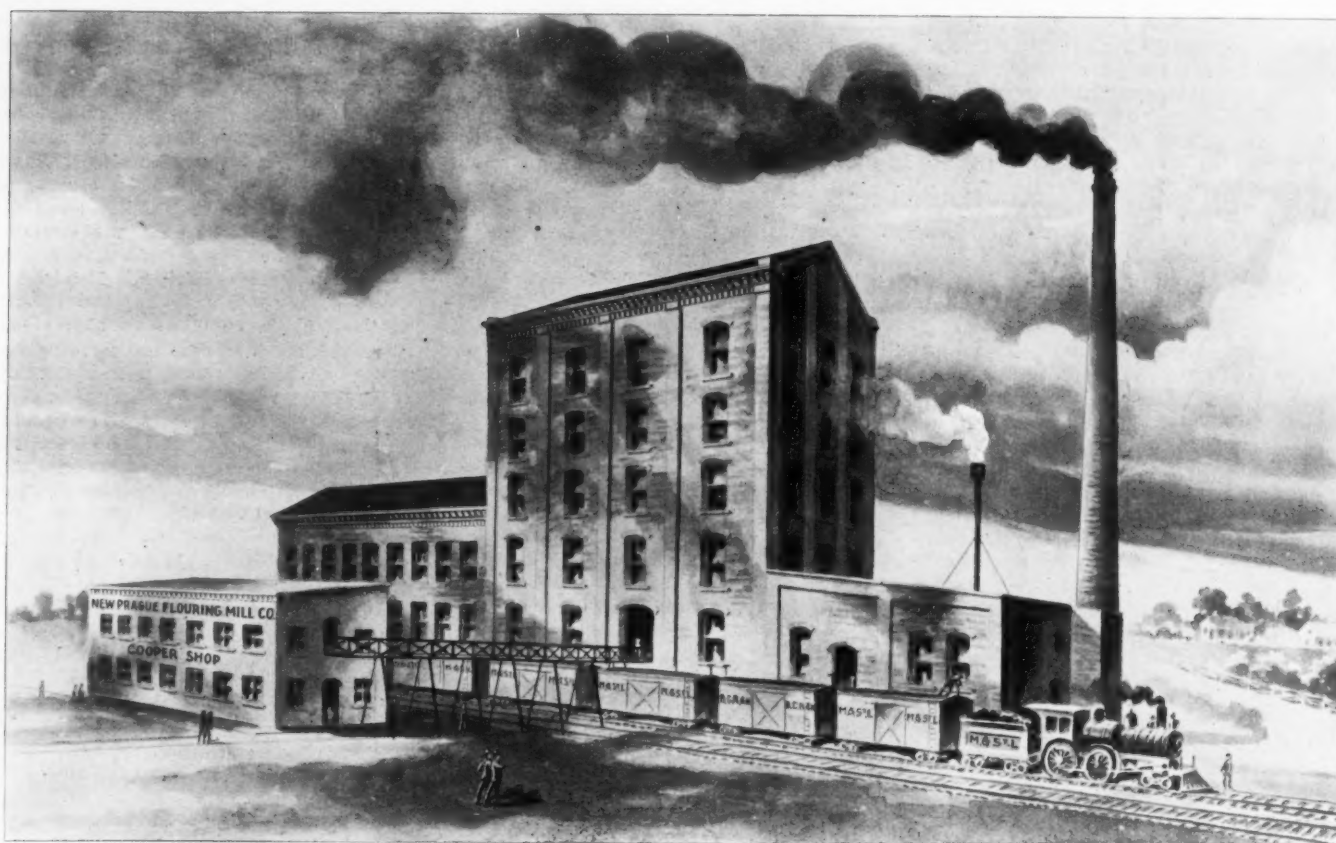
Now let us turn to the mill proper. There is no hesitancy in naming it one of the most complete flouring-mill plants in Minnesota. The machinery and furnishings were supplied by the noted Edward P. Allis Company—a guaranty of thoroughness in every detail. On the first floor are three flour-packers, a bran-packer and line shafts for rolls, the full dimensions of the building being left free for storage purposes. On the second floor are five double 9x30 Gray break rolls, and eight double 9x30 Gray smooth rolls for middlings. The flour-bins are also on this floor. Go to the third floor and you will see that it is devoted exclusively to spouting, while the fourth floor contains the purifying machinery and part of the wheat cleaners. Eight Reliance purifiers are used, the wheat-cleaning machinery being all of the Eureka make and consisting of a receiving separator, milling separator, and two scourers. The fifth floor contains the Universal bolters, which do the scalping of the breaks, grading of the middlings, and dressing of the break flour ready for the packers—one sixty-inch Universal bolter having a capacity of 500 barrels per day for two breaks. Gray's patent flour-dressers and centrifugal reels are also used for dressing or finishing up the middlings system. The mill is equipped throughout with the Wilson automatic dust collector, making it as clean and free from dust as a lady's parlor.

The power-plant comprises a 16x42 Reynolds-Corliss condensing engine, and two 60x18 tubular boilers. In the engine-room is the dynamo which furnishes light for the whole plant, and, in addition, supplies light to some of the citizens.

The plant was built with special reference to making it as perfect a risk from an insurance point of view as possible. There is a fire-pump located in the engine-room, and in addition the



PROPERTY OF THE ST. PAUL UNION STOCK-YARDS COMPANY.



MILLING PLANT OF THE NEW PRAGUE FLOURING-MILL CO., NEW PRAGUE, MINN.

city mains are connected with the company's stand-pipe in the mill-building. Two fire-extinguishing systems are employed, one water, the other live steam. The latter system consists of independent stand-pipes on each floor, connected with the boilers and controlled by valves in the engine-room.

A complete steam-heating plant, supplied by steam from the boilers, extends to mill, warehouse, and office.

While the present capacity of the mill is 600 barrels per day, the building was constructed with the idea of about doubling its present capacity. Plans are already being made with that end in view, and it is expected that the mill will soon be turning out 1,000 barrels daily. Trackage facilities for both mill and elevators are first-class, and the company's shipping and receiving advantages could scarcely be improved upon.

In addition to the New Prague mill is another controlled by the company at Blue Earth City, and this, together with its interest in the Winnebago City Mill, gives them a total manufacturing capacity of considerably over 1,000 barrels daily.

The new mill is located in the "Big Woods" region of Minnesota, long celebrated as the home of the hard-timber wheat. As the flour made from this high-grade wheat is always the very best, the grain is in great demand by millers, and the New Prague folks are fortunate in being able to draw their supplies almost exclusively from this source. The company buys every bushel of wheat it grinds from farmers direct, and no elevator wheat mixtures are permitted to enter into a single barrel of its flour. As much as \$30,000 has been paid out by the company for wheat in one week's time. The mill is worth more to the community than all its other industries combined. It creates a market for wheat, about 750,000 bushels of

which are handled annually, and its yearly consumption of some 3,500 cords of wood makes the town a wood market of no mean magnitude.

The flour is marketed chiefly in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. There is also a general Southern agency in charge of Chas. S. Lincoln at Atlanta, Georgia, and an Eastern agency in charge of Chas. A. Hough at No. 110 South Gay Street in Baltimore, Maryland. The company is represented in Europe by virtue of its membership in a syndicate of strong Minnesota mills which jointly maintain a European agent who markets the syndicate's flour in those countries.

The management of the new corporation is composed, for the most part, of the men who were with Mr. Mallory from the first and assisted him in the upbuilding of his extensive business. At the head of the company is F. A. Bean, the old Faribault miller, as president and general manager. He is one of the best known men among those who have done so much to make Minnesota flour a standard of excellence the world over, and his twenty-six years of experience in the milling business thoroughly qualifies him for his present responsible position. W. L. Harvey is secretary and treasurer, and Geo. H. Tennant, of Minneapolis, is vice-president. The directory is composed of strong and well-known men, such as John Proshek of New Prague and Luther R. Weld of Faribault. Mr. M. F. Dennison, superintendent of the mill, is a miller of long and successful experience and thoroughly qualified for his responsible position.

The company's leading brand of flour is "Seal of Minnesota." Though they have but lately started it, they are advertising it extensively, and in the localities where it is sold the name has already become a household word.

From the many letters of commendation received from customers from the day the mill

started, the management is fully justified in entertaining its high anticipations regarding the future and in making the outlay necessary to increase the mill to its fullest capacity. In view of the progressive character of the management and the success already attained, we predict for the company continued prosperity. It is safe to assume that its already famous brands of flour will become still more widely known and used in domestic and foreign markets.

They Want More of It.

Alfred Dickey tells the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert* that a trip in the central part of the State would convince any man that North Dakota farmers are beginning to understand the real value of North Dakota land. Most of the numerous sales made this year by the company Mr. Dickey represents have been to local residents who have lived in the State ten or twelve years, and who know what they are about. The small towns along the Jamestown & Northern, also other towns on the Coopers-town branch, show signs of prosperity not noted for some years. Such evidences of growth as new buildings and new additions to old ones and new paint and repairs are seen in the towns, while the farmers, on their part, are buying more land and breaking up new ground. The big crop of last year has started the spirit of improvement. If prices of grain and stock had been what they formerly were, the State would have blossomed as the rose. As it is, North Dakota is doing as well if not better than any other farm region, and the prospects are the brightest this year for those who have their crops properly put in. The same evidences of prosperity are noticeable in the towns and country through which the Northern Pacific system runs in North Dakota. The productive soil is in ever-increasing demand, and the population is growing steadily.

One of Minnesota's Big Commission Houses.

Butter and cheese manufacturers generally have powerful allies in the ever pushing and enterprising commission houses of the country. It not infrequently happens that one strong commission house takes the entire product of a factory—possibly of half a dozen factories, finding a ready market for it all and thus saving the makers an immense amount of time, worry and expense. Up in Duluth—that large city at the head of Lake Superior, is a commission house whose magnificently-equipped plant and methods of doing business have made it known in almost every State in the Union. We refer to the Messick-Macaulay Company, one of the strongest commission establishments in the Northwest, and the pioneer licensed cold storage and produce house at the head of the lakes, the company having been the first cold storage and warehousemen to take out a license in compliance with the new storage law passed by the State Legislature during the winter of 1894.

The location of the house is admirable. It is on a corner in the heart of the wholesale and banking districts of the city, in close proximity to the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce

ness may demand and scientific research may suggest as beneficial.

Down in the basement is the refrigerating machinery and Sharp freezers. Here, also, is the receiving room for car-load freight. The railway tracks are in the immediate rear of the building and the floors of freight-cars, while on these tracks, are level with the floor of the basement, thus facilitating the cheap and easy handling of goods from cars. All the machinery on the premises—refrigerating, butter machinery, elevator, etc.—is operated by electric power. The refrigerating machinery used is known as the Hercules brine system, by which any temperature desired can be secured and maintained.

On the first or main floor are the offices and the sample and salesrooms, of which there are several. Every class of goods handled has a separate compartment—which is kept at a temperature that is best adapted to the preservation of the goods stored therein. On the avenue side of the building is a display and loading platform, 12x95 feet in dimensions, which is in plain view of passers-by for several blocks, and never fails to attract their interested attention.

provided with gutters and sewerage connections, so that, with a moderate use of the flushing hose, the premises can be kept neat and clean and free from all bad odors.

Immediately adjacent to the main building is the company's stone stable, a structure of ample dimensions and which provides shelter for the horses, trucks and other vehicles used in the daily transaction of business. These stables are well ventilated, lighted with electricity, and supplied with an abundance of city water for drinking, washing and cleansing purposes.

The territory from which the Messick-Macaulay Company draws its supplies extends from the Dakotas on the west to all that country which lies eastward along the Great Lakes—where there are many wide-awake shippers and buyers who take advantage of the extremely low lake freight rates both to send to and receive goods from the Duluth house. Favorably located in a large and enterprising city at the very head of lake navigation and in a district which yields richly of lumber, minerals and agricultural products, the company's business is also established at the threshold of



THE MESSICK-MACAULAY COLD STORAGE-COMMISSION HOUSE AT DULUTH, MINN.

and the Union Passenger Depot, and also conveniently near the freight depots and the principal docks. Freight from all depots and docks can be transferred by rail, and in car-load lots, direct to the company's storage.

The building occupied by the Messick-Macaulay Company is a brick and stone structure of fifty feet frontage and three stories and basement in height. Indeed, one might truthfully say that the building is four stories high, since the roof is utilized for so many purposes that it adds practically another story to the company's storage area. It needs only a hasty glance to convince a visitor that the company has exactly what it claims to have—one of the most complete and thoroughly equipped produce houses in the United States. No claim is made by these people that their plant is the largest in the country, but for perfect facilities for the proper handling of all perishable commodities they claim, and claim justly, the lead. Moreover, they convey the assurance to their friends and patrons that they will continue to make such additions to their plant as increasing busi-

The second and third floors are occupied by various storage rooms for every description of goods that require refrigeration. It is on the third floor, also, that the company's butter-working apparatus is found. These appliances are modern and complete. Although the Messick-Macaulay Company does not make a specialty of reworking butter, it is prepared to put sweet packing stock, which may be off-color or lacking in salt, in a more salable condition by the careful addition of those very essential qualifications.

Perhaps the most novel feature of this modern commission house is the use which it makes of the roof—to which the attention of the reader has already been directed. The large electric freight elevator runs from the basement through to the roof. The roof is covered with a heavy plank platform of sufficient strength to sustain great weight. Upon this platform pens have been constructed for sheep, hogs, veal-calves, poultry, etc., and there is also a slaughtering and scalding-room for dressing poultry. Built on a slight incline, the roof is

its own "Queen Dairy State"—Minnesota—and the progressive Dakotas, from which States large supplies of butter and cheese come. This situation enables the house to receive and to distribute dairy products with profit to all concerned. It disposes of vast quantities of butter and cheese in the contiguous mining and lumbering regions, and it likewise furnishes large shipments of Western farm products for Eastern consumption. This same location is equally advantageous when it comes to handling Eastern and Southern fruits, for the company is in position to find ready buyers and make quick returns.

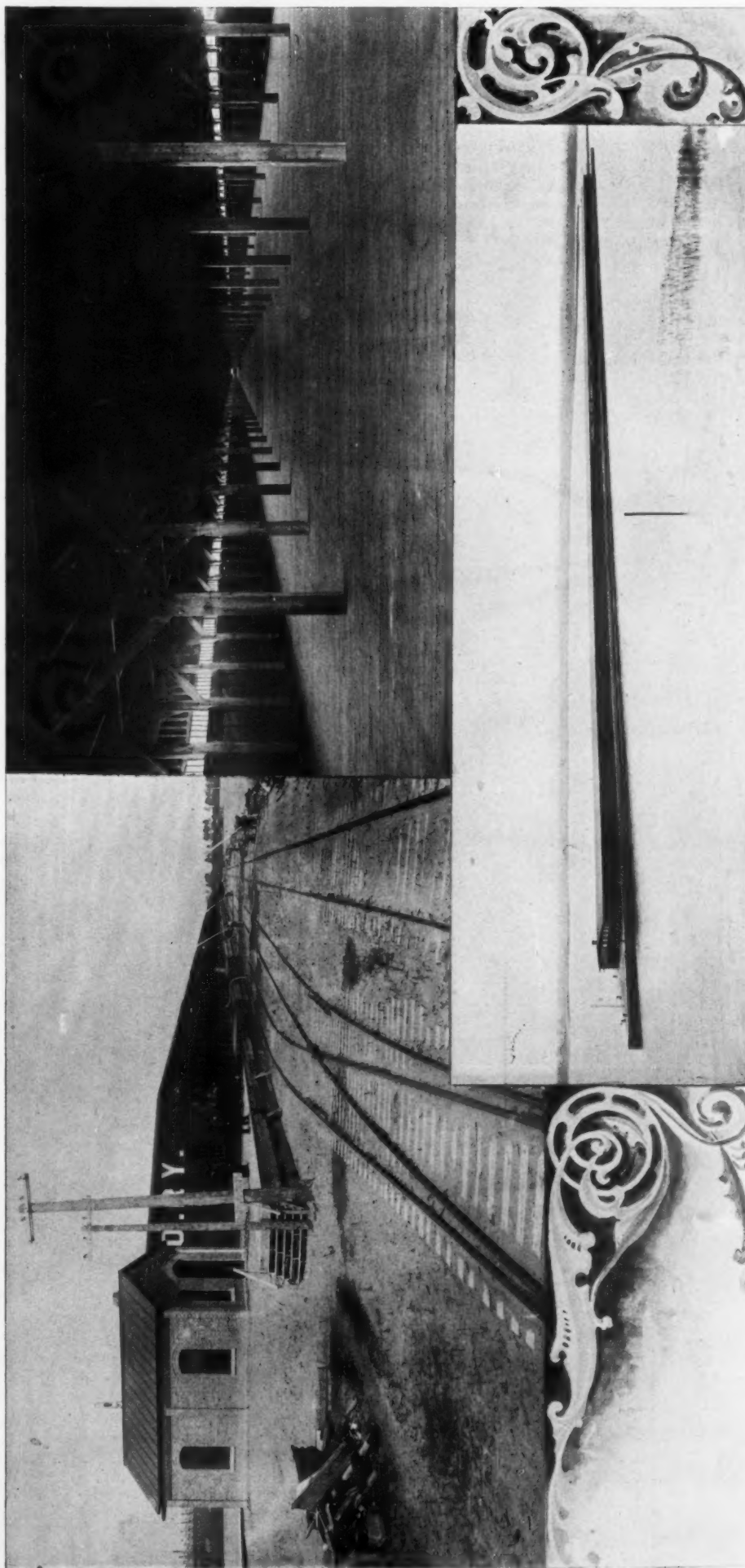
When visiting the Zenith City it will afford the Messick-Macaulay Company great pleasure to permit an inspection of its superb storage system, so far as may be consistent with business prudence, and strangers and acquaintances will always be welcome. All inquiries, whether by mail or otherwise, will be answered cheerfully. If for nothing else, write them for information concerning that wonderfully favored city and interesting section of country.

The Omaha's Great Dock on Allouez Bay, Lake Superior.

In times past this magazine has had the pleasure of presenting illustrations and statistics relative to many of the great coal docks at the head of Lake Superior, but this is the first time it has been able to secure good views of the large dock used by the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway Company at Itasca, Wisconsin. Itasca is near West Superior and at one of the most advantageous points on the Great Lake. The Omaha's mileage facilities merit especial attention, its 166 miles of trackage connecting the Twin Cities with its dock direct. By having the dock at Itasca the road is able to render quicker service. Its movements are independent of other roads, and therefore not subject to the delays which are quite unavoidable when a number of lines are dependent upon the same trackage facilities. The Omaha interchanges passenger business with all the lake steamship lines at the head of the lake, and offers the quickest possible service.

This great dock at Itasca has an inside width of eighty feet and is 1,500 feet in length. There are tracks on each side of it, so that cars can be loaded or unloaded at any point on the dock or at any one of the 150 doors which open on either side of it. It has a capacity for 125,000 barrels of flour. That is to say,—to reduce this vast capacity to the comprehension of the ordinary layman,—the dock can accommodate 695 car-loads of flour of eighteen tons' weight each at one time. This would make twenty-three train-loads of thirty cars each, or one continuous train four and seventy-four one hundredths miles in length. It would make five boat cargoes of 25,000 barrels each. From 125,000 barrels of flour 17,500,000 two-pound loaves of bread could be made. It would supply a city of 125,000 people with flour for one year. It is the product of 531,250 bushels of wheat—the yield of 26,562 and 5-10 acres at twenty bushels per acre, or of 166 farms of 160 acres each.

The management of the Omaha's freight department is noted for its progressiveness. Shippers and receivers are given the benefit of the best facilities that modern railway enterprise can provide. Promptness characterizes all movements of freight on this line, and its unrivaled water and rail connections afford a through service which is proving very attractive to the Northwestern business public. It is doubtless owing to the splendid location of its dock on Allouez Bay at Itasca, and to the dock's superior facilities, that the road has carried so tremendous a line of freight traffic to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis and intermediate points. The Twin Cities are favored with many lines of railway that come from and go to every quarter of the Union, but it is doubtful if any other one system is in position to do more for Minnesota's great wholesale centers than the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway, the general offices of which are in St. Paul. The equipment is perfect, its management liberal, its tariffs equitable.



THE OMAHA RAILWAY'S FREIGHT DOCK AT ITASCA, ON ALLOUEZ BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR, WIS.

1. Exterior view. "There are tracks on each side of the dock, so that cars can load or unload at any point on the dock or at any one of the 150 doors which open on either side of it." 2. Interior view. "The inside width is 80 feet; length, 1,500 feet." 3. View of dock from Lake Superior.

Wonderful Fields of Mineral Wealth.

The early voyageurs looked upon this great Northwest country as a vast wilderness—the hunter's paradise and the trapper's home, where sport and adventure were as rife as savage beasts and the more savage red man. But, while these presented to the trader a veritable El Dorado, they were a *bête noir* to the settler. There were not a few venturesome spirits, however, who, hearing from trapper and trader marvelous stories of productive soil as exemplified in the luxurious growth of native grasses and wild fruits, the abundance of fish and game

make these lands valuable. But the geologists' report that the rock croppings were hematite, brought the miner and speculator and the result was the development of mines, in the vicinity of Vermillion Lake, which are as productive as any in the country of a metal which in quality is second only to that of the celebrated Dannemora mines of Sweden. The ores of these mines are practically inexhaustible, and their development has called into existence the city of Tower, with its numerous suburban mining-camps.

For over a year past the Southall Mining

Railway, and therefore easily accessible.

Messrs. Southall and Smith are organizing a development company for the purpose of taking hold of all promising propositions offered in this vast field of rich ore. Many good properties have been offered them, which, no doubt, they will accept, as it is their desire to get hold of everything they can in what they believe to be the richest iron belt on the continent.

But iron ore is not the only metal found in this region. Copper, silver, nickel and gold are known to exist, and it has lately been discovered that the latter is deposited in paying quantities and, in some localities, is extremely rich. The gold belt begins at Crane Lake, a little over twenty miles north of Vermillion Lake, and extends through the Rainy Lake and Rainy River District, probably being connected with the rich deposits around the Lake of the Woods. Rainy Lake is thirty-five miles long and averages five miles in breadth. This, with Crane Lake and Lake Wabe-ta-go-ma, forms a connected body of water with innumerable lovely islets as attractive in scenic beauty as the Lake of the Woods. The gold-fields already explored, with prospects showing a minimum of \$23 to the ton, in this district extend over a length of eighty-one miles along the shores of the lakes and the Rainy River. Two tributaries have also been prospected and found to contain rich claims—la Seine and Little Turtle. The gold in this rich new field is found in various forms, in indurated talc, blue and white quartz and in rotten or decomposed granite; and, of course, it is free-milling. Pockets, also, have been found of shot and nugget gold. One little pocket, recently discovered, yielded 131½ ounces of pure, clean gold, some of the nuggets being as large as a navy bean.

Messrs. Southall and Smith, of the Southall Mining Company, two years ago secured a number of very promising quartz claims along la Seine River which lie in the immediate vicinity of rich mines of free-milling ore. Large American and English capital has recently become interested in these mines, and preparations are being made to work them on a large scale. Southall & Smith also have several good claims on the Little Turtle, and so great is their faith in this new gold-field that they are eager to take hold of any promising proposition that may offer in the district. They are of the opinion that the Rainy Lake gold-fields will prove richer and more productive than the celebrated Cripple Creek District, and they look for a tremendous stampede of miners and prospectors from all parts of the country when the rich finds that have already been made become generally known.

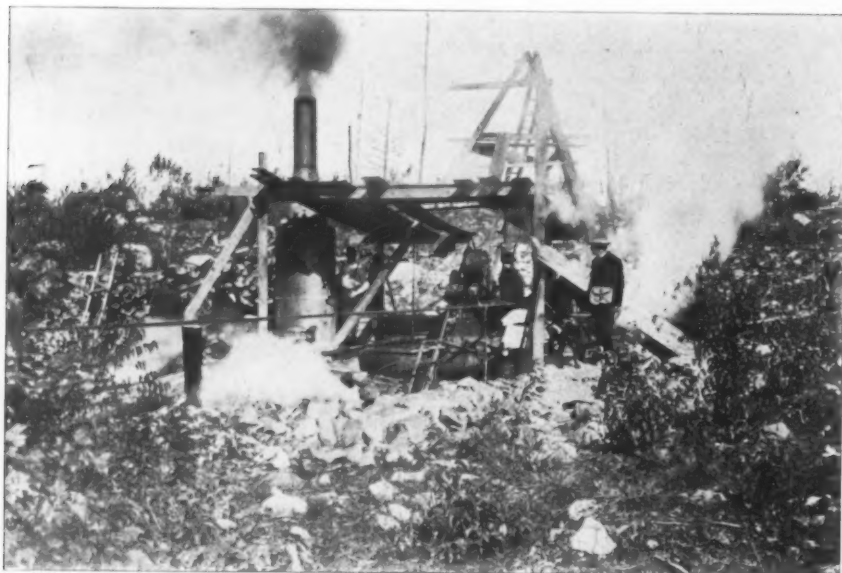
A party who is interested in a large amount of property in the Seine River Country prophesies a big rush into that field the coming spring. He says that a great deal of prospecting work and development is being carried on, and that about everybody that has put down a hole has found good gold. He brought with him a number of very fine specimens from his property on Turtle Lake. In some of them the free gold can be seen plainly lying in strata, and on one or two pieces of the quartz the yellow metal protrudes slightly beyond the surface and can be bent backward and forward with thumb or finger-nail. He is interested in about 2,000 acres of land in the gold district.

Mine Center, on Shoal Lake, he says, is becoming the metropolis of the district, and is what its name implies, the center of the mining region. Bell City and Seine City, both on Shoal Lake, are two new towns that are springing up.

The same gentleman reports that a twenty-stamp mill will be in operation on the Foley property in a few weeks. He is satisfied that the result of the milling will be an eye-opener



TEST PITTING ON THE SOUTHALL IRON MINE, SHAFT NO. 9, ON VERMILLION RANGE, MINNESOTA.



A DIAMOND DRILL AT WORK ON THE SOUTHALL IRON MINE ON VERMILLION RANGE, MINNESOTA.

in and about the lovely lakes and picturesque rivers, whose crystal waters sparkled with vitality and health, resolved to make the country their home. These were soon followed by the woodsmen who invaded the primeval forests of the State like impenetrable *chevaux-de-frise*. In these vast forests were extensive outcroppings of rock, and the soil was found to be shallow. Accordingly, it was thought that thousands of acres were valuable only for the stumpage, and considering the excellence of the timber, the stumpage alone was sufficient to

Company—J. H. Southall of St. Paul and Sterling S. Smith of Duluth—has been exploring a wide district around Ely, which lies northeast of Tower about twenty miles, where they have not only found rich deposits of iron, but have developed several valuable claims which are as inexhaustibly deep and wide as those around Tower. But it is claimed that the ore is superior to that of the latter mines, being, instead of red hematite, black oxide on heavy masses of crystals identical with the product of Sweden's mines of world-wide celebrity. These claims are on the Duluth & Iron Range

as to the richness of the district. The Foley is one of the best developed properties at the present time, and our informant regards it as one of the best in the Selkirk Country. In its purchase price and development some \$200,000 have been expended. On the Ferguson property about \$150,000 have been expended, and each of these two properties is now employing in the neighborhood of 100 men. The Lucky Coon is involved in litigation, and, in spite of the fact that there is a small stamp-mill there, it is lying idle.

The property from which the gentleman in question brought his samples is located ten miles north of Mine Center, and belongs to a gold mining company of which he is the organizer. Here a crew of twelve men has been employed all winter, and the deepest shaft is down forty-five feet.

It is figured that there are now about 400 men resident in the mining territory in which these properties are situated, and a number of families have come in. Last year there were no white women in the vicinity, as most of the settlers had come in to look over the ground and had not determined whether or not they would remain, but there are a number of ladies in the colonies at the present time. All these properties are in the immediate neighborhood of the rich claims belonging to Messrs. Southall and Smith, thus emphasizing the value of the gold mines which they are now developing.

Railway Enterprise in the Kootenai Country.

To many persons who only know by hearsay or casual reading of the Kootenai country, in British Columbia, that vast mineral district is *terra incognita*. The accompanying map, one of the most recent in existence and the details of which have been drawn with great care, shows the international boundary line, constructed and projected lines of railway, the important mining towns of Rossland, Trail, Nelson and all the prominent camps, districts and sub-districts in that portion of British Columbia—a territory comprising an area of about

16,000 square miles. The country is referred to geographically as East and West Kootenai, the latter district, especially the southern part of it, being the one in which the greatest progress has been made. Considerable development work has also been done in the Okanogan and Slocan districts. Rossland, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants and the largest in all that region, is five miles north of the American boundary and within a few hours' ride of Spokane, Washington. Trail lies right against the international line and Nelson is twenty miles north of it. The two last named camps have large smelting-plants.

It will be but a short time before every promising camp in these districts will be reached and connected by railway lines that are now projected or in course of construction. The Spokane & Northern Railway and its extension, the Nelson & Fort Sheppard line, have a continuous line from Spokane to Nelson—a distance of 200 miles, and have recently opened a branch line from Northport, near the boundary, north to Robson and Trail, from which point another road, the Columbia & Western, has been built west to Rossland and a short distance beyond. The Columbia & Western also has a charter and land subsidy for the construction of a railway from Trail to Penticton, which lies considerably west of Rossland and at the foot of Okanogan Lake. The Canadian Pacific contemplates the building of a line running west from Lethbridge via Crow's Nest Pass to Nelson and Rossland, and extensions of its Arrowhead and Okanogan Landing branches. Deducing 147 miles of the Spokane & Northern line in the State of Washington, there still remain 264 miles of operated railway in the Kootenai and Okanogan districts. To this must be added various steamboat lines which operate quite extensively on the lake and river systems of the territory.

While this rich country is on the British side, nearly all its trade and traffic have so far passed to the benefit of people on the American side, Spokane and other Washington cities,

with their railway lines, having been chief beneficiaries. That British railway activity will be offset by a corresponding degree of enterprise on the part of our own commercial and transportation interests, is a self-evident proposition.

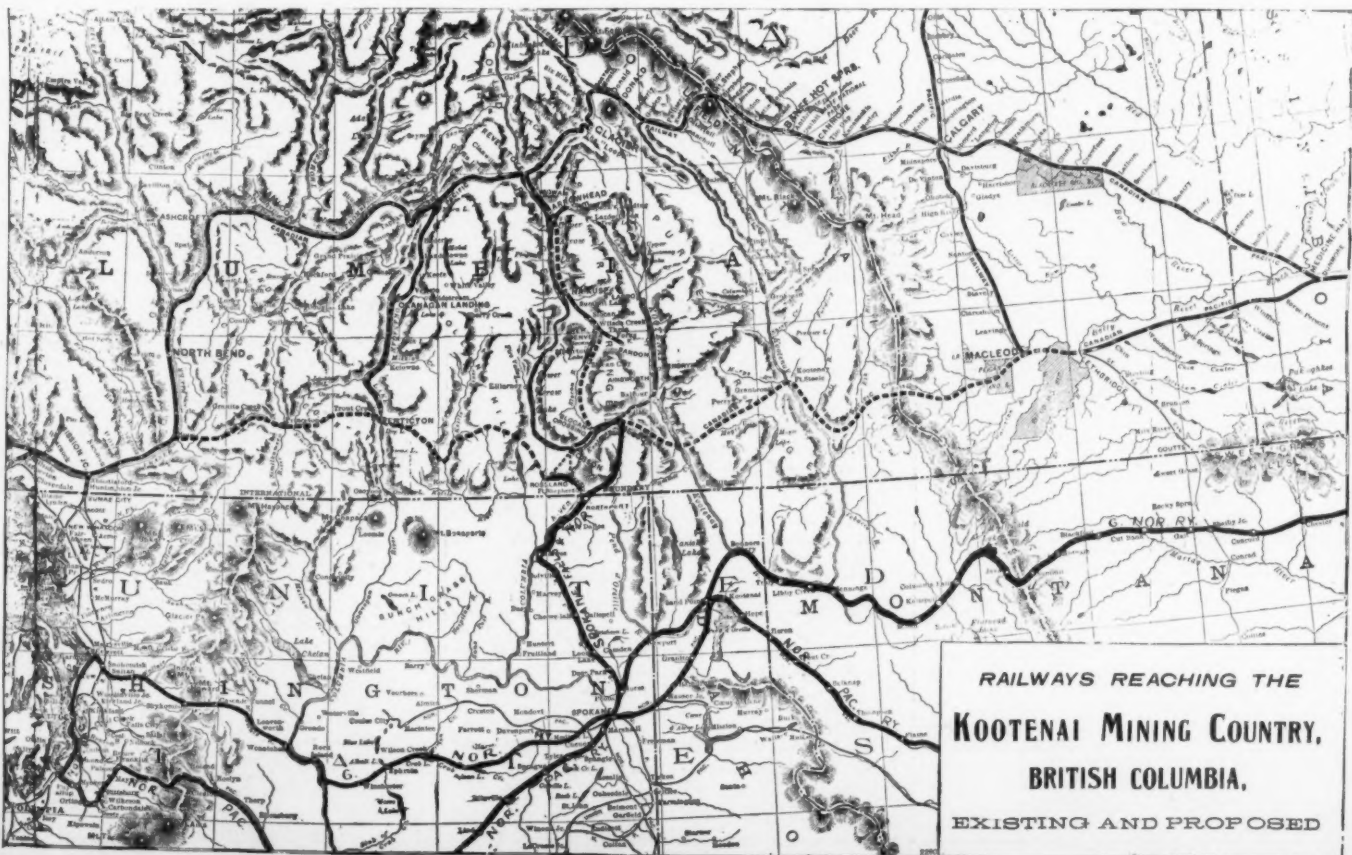
Oregon Skeleton Mine.

About five-and-forty miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the broad expanse of water flows without a ripple and is as deep and still as death. Just above this point is "Coffin Rock," which was the starting place to the "happy hunting-ground" of the various Oregon tribes of Indians, but the high water of 1862 swept Coffin Rock of all of its deposits to the point below.

Here, an Oregon paper says, the overflowing waters of nearly half a century ago lodged the remains of many tribes high and dry, literally moving the last resting place of their dead, for no Pacific Coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surface of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed; others put a bark covering over them, while others were suspended from limbs or left in the forks of trees. Time has robbed every form of its substance, and left only the whitened bones and bleached skulls.

Students, dentists and physicians are eager to secure these trophies for articulation. So great is the demand that at least one man has for years followed the hazardous business of gathering these skulls for the market. It is risky, for the few remaining Indians still keep vigil over the remains of their dead, and to be caught in the act would mean imprisonment in the recesses of the neighboring mountains, followed by a death of slow torture, for no quarter or mercy would be shown the victim.

Still, knowing this, Howard Clause, a recluse, nightly risks his life to gather these grinning, whitened skulls, and every now and then a box of large and small skulls is shipped from Portland, Ore., to the various noted seats of medical and dental learning in the East.





The Inland Ocean of West Superior says that in less than seven months of navigation in 1896 the value of Superior's lake commerce reached \$60,000,000 in round numbers. Then it asks, "What other city in the United States, of 30,000 inhabitants, can make a similar showing?"

The great shipyard of the American Steel Barge Company at West Superior, a branch of which is located at Everett, Wash., has enough work on hand to keep the plant going all winter. It is one of the largest yards on the Great Lakes.

Minnesota.

The Ironton Structural Steel Works' plant at Duluth is to be enlarged at once.

The Mankato Lime & Stone Company will rebuild the Craig stone sawmill and equip it with the best machinery.

The Moorhead mill of the North Dakota Millers' Association will be started at once. Orders from Scotland is the cause.

Mankato has just organized a pork-packing company with a capital of \$25,000. It will lease and operate the old Cassidy plant, and expects to be able to handle all the hogs offered.

J. M. Markham has completed arrangements for the erection of a large hotel building at Virginia, St. Louis County, to cost \$12,000 to \$15,000. Plans are about completed and work is to be begun at once.

According to the Rush City Post the shipments from that town in 1896 aggregated nearly 40,000,000 pounds of freight. Receipts were about 10,000,000 pounds. Milk shipments for the year averaged 900 gallons per day for 365 days, a total of 322,500 gallons. Rush City certainly bears an appropriate name.

Gold discoveries are reported from Balaton in Lyon County and from Luverne in Rock County, both being in Southwestern Minnesota. The first was found while a farmer was sinking a well, while the Luverne discovery was made, in a large area of ground called "The Mounds," by F. L. Hinkley, an assayer.

The Fergus Casket Works is the name of a new company which has been organized to carry on the casket business in Fergus Falls. The capital is \$25,000. The Journal says that the new company expects to commence the manufacture of coffins in a few weeks and that it is expected that the plant will be greatly enlarged and improved as soon as the business is fairly under way.

Clark's Grove, Geneva Village and Richland creameries last year received 15,912,133 pounds of milk from which was made 718,922 pounds of butter. This butter brought, in gross, the snug sum of \$117,915—and these are but three of the twenty-six creameries in Freeborn County. The Farmers' Creamery Company of Alden, Freeborn County, reports an income for the past year of \$41,895.74, of which amount \$40,897.94 was paid out to the farmers. The creamery has over 140 stockholders.

The Roseau County Times, published at Roseau, is working hard for a railroad. It says that "no section of the State, untraversed by a railroad, offers better inducements for the building of one than the western portion of Marshall and Roseau counties. Roseau County has a population of 4,000, which a railroad would double in one year. The Lake of the Woods offers immense traffic for a road on the American side, and with shipping facilities Roseau County alone, in less than two years, would have 8,000 farmers raising grain and stock for shipment. The settlement and development of this country has reached a point where it is actually necessary for the people to have a railroad."

Park Region, published at Frazee, in Becker County, a thriving village of about 400 inhabitants on the Northern Pacific Railway and some 300 miles from St. Paul, says that "those who have thoroughly investigated this district are loud in their praises of the quality and quantity of the timber that is waiting to be cut and rafted down from the White Earth region to the big mill that will soon be located at Frazee. It

is roughly estimated that there is over 200,000,000 feet of choice pine directly tributary to the town, to say nothing of immense tracts of hardwood, spruce and poplar, which will eventually be used in the wagon-works, chair-factories, pulp-mills and other wood-working industries which are bound to come to this coming metropolis of the New Northwest." It is also a good farming section and well settled by prosperous agriculturists. Good railway lands can be bought on easy terms. There are schools, churches and all lines of business houses, and a large flour-mill is among the probabilities for next spring. It is evident that Frazee has a future.

North Dakota.

Oberon is to have a new two-story schoolhouse.

Fargo expended \$400,000 in improvements the past year.

The post-office at Cando has been raised to the Presidential class.

W. E. Cooke is building a business block at Harvey on the site of the burned Harvey Herald office.

Langdon citizens expended \$26,050 for new homes and other improvements the past year. The good work will be kept up during 1897.

Lively building operations are projected for Hankinson during the coming spring. There will be large additions to business blocks and a goodly number of new buildings.

The Hope Pioneer says that the Hope Roller Mill has been running night and day for the past six weeks in order to supply increasing demands for its popular brands of flour. It is said to be one of the best roller mills in the country.

Reports from different sections of the State all point to largely increased building activity for 1897. In many towns there seems to be a positive need of new business blocks and houses. The construction of flour-mills and grain elevators and of improved water and electric light systems is quite generally talked of in towns of considerable population.

The Jamestown Alert says that "one of the most useful and up-to-date institutions of the Northwest is the North Dakota State Agricultural College. Its report for the past year shows an increased attendance, and that the college needs a chemical laboratory. The professors are men of enthusiasm, and alive to the popular demands for the practical application of scientific information. The press of the State and the public are frequently indebted to the staff of this institution for timely contributions of farm and general interest."

South Dakota.

The Edgemont and Union Hill Smelting Company has contracted for the erection of a \$300,000 smelter at Edgemont and a 400-stamp mill at Union Hill.

A local paper at Lead, in the Black Hills, says that one can look in any direction and see new buildings of the latest design looming up promiscuously, and yet there are no houses to rent. A large number of enterprising citizens are figuring on building some residences for that purpose in the spring.

Preston is the name of a new camp that has just been called into existence by the recent gold discoveries at Ragged Top in the Black Hills. It is in a long valley, and the principal street is straight and level for 1,500 feet. Five general stores, three saloons, a printing office, lumber-yard and fifteen houses are already completed. At what is called Top Shaft there are two hotels, three restaurants and fifteen houses. There are telephone connections with Deadwood and other towns, and a back line is coining money by making daily trips to and from Lead, Deadwood, Terry and Portland.

All the Black Hills Country is greatly excited over the discoveries made a few weeks ago of new gold-bearing properties in the Ragged Top and other districts not far from Deadwood and Spearfish. Ragged Top had been passed over time and again as valueless ground, but it turns out to be extraordinarily rich in quartz which runs from \$80 to \$100 and \$300 per ton. It is in a limestone formation, thus contradicting the theories of geologists and mineralogists. The rock is somewhat refractory, but so rich that it will pay to transport it anywhere for chlorination, smelting, or any of the processes for treating such ore. Another rich district has since been discovered south of Ragged Top, embracing an area twenty miles square. Still another strike has been made on the old road from Carbonate Camp to Spearfish, about twelve miles from Deadwood. Back of Whitewood—the terminus of the Fremont and Elkhorn Valley Railroad, twelve miles from Deadwood and about six from Spearfish, on what

is called Crook Mountain, a fourth discovery has been made very similar in character and formation to the Ragged Top propositions. The whole country is being flooded with people who are more or less gold-mad. A few will realize fortunes, but the greater number will suffer hardships and return to their homes poorer but wiser.

Montana.

Livingston's Board of Trade will raise a bonus to secure the establishment of a flour-mill there.

The corner-stone of Butte's new high school building—which is to cost \$100,000—was laid recently with appropriate ceremonies.

About twenty sapphire claims have been located on Cow Creek, near Chinook. Samples taken have been pronounced of first quality.

A bill for the construction of permanent buildings for the State University has been introduced in the upper house of the Legislature.

The Montana Home Creamery at Burton, owned by J. G. Wolf & Son, has been established and is ready for operation. Great Falls will be the distributing point.

During the year 1896 Butte contributed to the wealth of the world \$31,500,000. Can any other town on earth of three times its size equal that record?—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Montana's cattle industry brought \$3,500,000 into the State last year. The secretary of the State Board of Stock Commissioners reports total shipments of 294,264 head, which, with the number used for the home market, makes a grand total of 354,864 head actually marketed.

It is said that the Big Seven mine near Nelhart is giving great promise of turning out an exceptionally rich property. Recently a sample was taken that gave returns of 1,000 ounces in silver and two ounces in gold. The shaft is down 350 feet and will be continued to greater depth.

There is an active Board of Trade in Livingston. The Post of that town reports earnest efforts on the part of local business men to secure many needed industries, including a woolen-mill, creamery, packing-house, soap factory, elevator and brewery. It is enterprise of this nature that forces a town to the front and keeps it there.

According to estimates furnished by the U. S. Assay office in Helena, the mineral output of the State for 1896 is as follows: Gold, \$4,509,000; silver (ounces), 16,000,000; copper (pounds), 230,000,000; lead (pounds), 22,000,000. Compared with 1895 an increase is shown of about \$300,000 in gold; a decrease of a million ounces of silver and of two to three million pounds of lead, and an increased output of about 30,000,000 pounds of copper. At present prices the total value of minerals produced last year amounts to at least \$41,960,000.

Idaho.

A new gold district is said to have been discovered about sixty miles from the town of Weiser in the Bitter Root Mountains. It is said that there are large bodies of free-milling gold ore, sampling as high as \$100 in gold.

A recent discovery of asbestos is reported from the Cœur d'Alene District about thirty miles from the Northern Pacific Railway and near Wallace. C. E. Marvin, of St. Paul, Minn., who is a prominent mine owner in Idaho, is of the opinion that this asbestos mine is the richest of the kind ever discovered on the continent, and says that it is the only one in the United States of any promise. He says it is inexhaustible, covers half a mile square in the side of the mountain from the surface, and that it would cost little to work it. A company will be organized to develop the property.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company has purchased the Cœur d'Alene Railway & Navigation Company property, which was sold at auction by J. P. M. Richards, special master. The price paid was \$230,000. It includes the narrow-gauge railroad from Mission to Wallace, and the steamer Georgia Oakes, which plies between Mission and Cœur d'Alene City. It was sold under a mortgage foreclosure held by the Central Trust Company of New York, under direction of the United States circuit court for the Ninth Judicial District of Idaho. The property is best known as the Northern Pacific Cœur d'Alene branch.

Oregon.

The Corvallis creamery project is no longer a visionary scheme, but has taken definite shape and work on the plant promises to begin at an early date. Over

\$3,500 of stock has been subscribed, a sum considered sufficient to build and equip a first-class creamery-plant and leave a small surplus to operate with.

There is strong talk of a new cheese factory to be built near S. O. Shattuck's, in Wood Valley, Klamath County, next spring.

The Bonanza mine near Baker City brought in \$20,000 recently as the result of twenty-six days' run with twenty stamps. The new gravity tramway is in operation, and works like a charm.

The cold storage salmon packing-house of the Prescott Packing Company, at Goble, is running night and day putting up fish which are shipped to Germany over the O. R. & N. line, via New York.

The opals recently found on Brunt River, Baker County, by a Montana man, have attracted a great deal of attention. They are pronounced of an excellent luster and valuable. A company is now being formed in Chicago to work the property.

Professor Kanematz's silkworm colony at Coquille, comprising more than 80,000 worms, has concluded its cocoon spinning. The professor says the work has been done much quicker and better this season than before, and, if anything, the cocoons are better also.

The Ibex mine, in the Sumpter Valley District, owned by Joe Mikel & Company, has been bonded to Wm. White, representing the Hearst estate. The Ibex is pronounced a very rich gold property in which mining men appear to have great confidence. The bond price of the Ibex is said to be \$65,000.

Washington.

During 1896, 586 building permits were issued in Seattle. The aggregate value of buildings constructed was \$200,901.

The value of the output of the smelting works of the Puget Sound Reduction Company at Everett, for 1896, was \$1,250,000.

During 1896 the Spokane mills turned out \$1,657,500 worth of flour, besides 40,000 barrels of graham, rolled oats, wheat manna, rye flour, etc.

The Union Smelting and Refining Company at Northport expects to expend \$100,000 in buildings, machinery, flumes, etc., for a first-class smelter.

The Yakima Herald says that a company has been formed in Franklin County to put in a motor pump at Stumph Rapids, on the Columbia, for the purpose of irrigating several thousand acres of farming land and furnishing a water supply for Pasco.

From the report of the State Dairy Commissioner it is seen that during the year just past the Montesano creamery made 15,000 pounds of butter, and the Satsop creamery 6,400 pounds of butter and 7,243 pounds of cheese. The total output of the sixty-nine creameries of the State was 1,838,657 pounds of butter and 554,123 pounds of cheese.

The total pack of salmon on Puget Sound during 1896 is placed at 213,700 cases, of which 85,000 cases were spring and 128,700 cases fall pack. The combined pack of Willapa and Gray's Harbor was 41,000 cases; of the Columbia River, 500,000 cases; Rogue River, 20,400; Oregon coast rivers and bays, 73,671; British Columbia, 616,000 cases; Alaska, 927,354 cases. The total Coast pack of salmon for 1896 is placed at 2,407,125 cases.

Five new canneries, the aggregate capacity of which will exceed those already in operation, are known to be under construction in the Puget Sound District, and are expected to be ready for operation early in the coming season. Three of these are building at Anacortes, and represent an outlay of \$150,000. New locations for fishing off Orcas and other of the islands have been taken by hundreds, in preparation for the enlarged operations of the forthcoming season.

The Garfield Enterprise reports a substantial advancement for that thriving town for 1896. Business houses increased in number fifty per cent, the immense quantities of products shipped contributing largely to the building up of trade. During the year 817 car-loads of farm produce were shipped from Garfield as follows: Wheat, oats and barley, 645; hogs, sixty; cattle, thirteen; sheep, fifteen; hay, fifty-seven; apples, eleven; potatoes, ten; flax, five; beans, one. Besides this, large amounts of poultry and dairy products were sent out. Everything points to even greater development the present year, and the indications are that the producers about Garfield are solving the problems of using the rich endowments of nature to the best advantage.

Canadian Northwest.

A flouring-mill is being built at Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.

West Kootenay's mineral output for the year 1896 is estimated at \$3,500,000.

A flouring-mill and two additional grain elevators are being built at Deloraine.

The Pilot Mound oatmeal mill makes large shipments of oatmeal to Great Britain.

The Montreal syndicate has made its third payment on the Rossland town site. This amounted to \$26,666.66.

The Central Canada Loan and Savings Company will next season build a large office block in Winnipeg.

An English syndicate has made an offer of \$500,000 for the Deer Park mine at Rossland. This would be on a basis of fifty cents per share.

Two special trains of Ogilvie's Hungarian flour left Winnipeg recently for Queensland, Australia. This was the largest shipment of Manitoba flour ever sent at one time to Australia.

The new stack of the Hall mines smelter at Nelson is said to be the largest in Canada. There were 320,000 brick used in its construction and the top is 228 feet above the level.

The Winnipeg Free Press says that the Northern Pacific has purchased terminal facilities at Rossland, and that the Great Northern will also build to Rossland early next spring.

The work going on at Nelson, B. C., will largely increase the capacity of the smelter. When the improvements are completed the smelter will be able to handle 250 tons of ore daily.

The War Eagle mine at Rossland has been sold to a syndicate of Montreal and Toronto capitalists. The terms of sale are private, but as the mine was recently under bond to London investors for \$1,000,000, it is said the price now stands close to that figure. The War Eagle has paid \$187,500 in dividends in the last eighteen months. It is owned by Spokane men, and the money paid for its purchase will be distributed in that city.

It is reported that the profits of the Sultana mine in the Lake of the Woods District is fully equal to eight per cent on \$1,500,000, although it has only a ten-stamp mill. The cost of mining and milling the ore is less than \$4 per ton. During the last few months ore has been accumulating on the stack-pile till now there are 1,500 tons ahead of the mill, which has been kept running day and night. Estimates have been made of the value of the ore actually in sight, says the Rat Portage Miner, and the lowest figure is \$1,100,000. An approximate estimate of the possible product of the mine has also been made, based on the assumed additional depth of 300 feet and 600 feet of lateral extension, giving the average value of the ore already encountered and a continuation of the same size of ore body found in the present workings. This would produce \$23,000,000 in gold.

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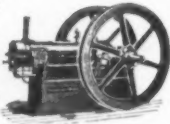
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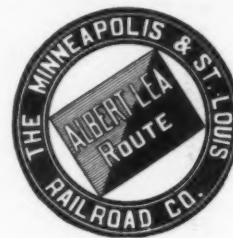
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Dr. W. S. Williams, now professor of veterinary medicine at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., who recently removed with his family from Bozeman, Montana, traveled via "THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE," St. Paul to Chicago, and writes: "We found the 'North-Western Limited' all that it is advertised; the sleeping cars superb and the dining car service all that could be desired."

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Population 200,000. Number of Farmers, 25,000.

☛ Look up its advantages before going elsewhere.

CROP OF 1894 AND 1895.

	AREA UNDER CROP		YIELD	
	1894.	1895.	1894.	1895.
WHEAT,	1,010,186	1,140,276	17,172,883 bus.	31,775,038 bus.
OATS,	413,686	482,658	11,907,854 "	22,555,733 "
BARLEY,	119,528	153,839	2,981,716 "	5,645,036 "
FLAX,	30,500	82,668	366,000 "	1,281,354 "

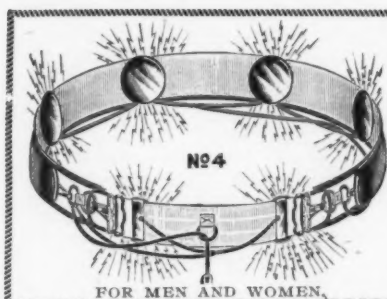
Over 10,000,000 acres in Manitoba that have never been cultivated.

Price of land from \$2.50 to \$6.00 per acre—on easy terms.

Settlers coming to MANITOBA should always DROP OFF AT WINNIPEG for a few days and secure reliable information about settlements, free homesteads and lands for sale from the heads of departments located in Winnipeg. For latest information and maps, all free, address

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DR. HORNE'S NEW IMPROVED Electric Belts,

Warranted to cure without
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diseases:

RHEUMATISM
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PAINS IN THE BACK AND LIMBS
AND ALL WEAKNESSES IN
MEN AND WOMEN

READ WHAT THE PAPERS SAY OF US.

"The Dr. Horne Electric Belt and Truss Co., who are making such a liberal offer to the readers of our paper, is by no means a new concern; while they may be unknown to most of our readers, they are an old reliable house, having manufactured Electric Belts and Appliances for 20 years. You will see upon reading the advertisement that they are offering for a limited time a \$20 Belt for the small sum of \$10, for the purpose of introducing them into new localities. Any of our readers wishing an Electric Belt cannot do better than to order from this concern. The proposition they make is honest in every sense of the word, as any of our readers can, if they wish, have the goods sent to their nearest express office, so that they may see and examine them before paying for same. They do this without asking one cent in advance, which is evidence that they have every confidence in their goods."

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WORLD RENOWNED
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NEW IMPROVED
\$20 ELECTRIC BELT
For Only **\$10.00**

...THIS...
COUPON
IS GOOD FOR
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if sent with an order for a
\$20.00 BELT by any reader
of the Northwest Magazine,
not later than thirty days
from date of this paper.

THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

We make this Special Unprecedented Offer to quickly introduce
and obtain Agents in New Localities. Read every word.

To quickly introduce and obtain agents in as many new localities as possible for Dr. Horne's New Improved Electric Belts and Appliances, we have decided to sell for a period of 30 days only, our No. 4 Dr. Horne's New Improved Regular \$20.00 Electric Belt for only \$10.00, a price that will make it possible for every person reading this advertisement to get one of our best Belts at a nominal price. Never in the history of our business have we offered to sell this Belt at such a price, but we want an agent in your locality, and we believe that if you buy a Belt you will be so well pleased with it that you will either act as our agent or help us to get one.

Description of Belt—It has a battery consisting of 19 to 23 cells, according to waist measure of the person wearing it, each one of which is a battery in itself, and six large disks or electrodes. The webbing and material used in the manufacture of this belt is calculated to be the best. The battery is the finest and most powerful made and we challenge the world to produce a battery, size and weight considered, to equal it. We especially recommend this belt for all wasting and chronic diseases, diseases which baffle the most skilled physicians.

Remember, the Belt we are offering you for only \$10.00 is our No. 4 Dr. Horne's New Improved Regular \$20.00 Combination Belt for men or women. It is adjustable and can be worn by any member of the family. **Suspensory Free With Every Belt.** It is the best Belt we manufacture; in fact, the **Best on Earth**, and we make no exception to this statement. We have sold hundreds, yes, thousands of them up to \$40.00. There is not a family but what should have one of these Belts, as it is the best and cheapest doctor, and you do not have to go out of the house to get it. It will last for years with proper care, and will save itself in doctor bills ten times over. These Electric Belts have cured thousands and will cure you if you will only give it a trial, as the many testimonials which we publish in our catalogue will prove.

YOU RUN NO RISK IN DEALING WITH US.

We do not ask you to send any money in advance. If you want one of these Belts we are perfectly willing to send it to your nearest express office, **C. O. D.**, so that you can see and examine it free of any cost, just the same as if you came into our office or go into any store, and if you are perfectly satisfied with it, pay the express agent the price of the Belt and express charges and take it; otherwise it will be returned to us. Can any fairer offer be made you than this? We are the only manufacturers of Electric Belts who send Belts **C. O. D.**, without asking one cent in advance. If you wish to send cash with order we will prepay all express charges and guarantee the Belt to be exactly as represented, or forfeit \$100.00.

We Have Now Offered You an Opportunity of Your Life.

and if you do not accept it you may be sorry for it, as we shall never again offer this Belt at such a price. It seems needless to say that we are sustaining a loss on every Belt we sell at the above price, but it is cheaper to introduce them in new localities in this way than to send traveling men to do it for us. If you want one of these Belts, **cut out Coupon** and send to us with your waist measure in inches. Don't delay. Order to-day if possible, otherwise you may forget it.

**Dr. Horne Electric Belt & Truss Co., Dept. M 9, 112-114
Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.**

P. S.—If you have no use for an Electric Belt please hand or mail this advertisement to some one that you know, who is not enjoying good health. By doing this you will favor them and us. We want a good agent in every locality to whom we can give steady employment. We only employ those who have used our Belts and can speak of their merits from personal experience.

REFERENCES:—As to our reliability we refer to any Express Company, and the many thousands all over the United States who have used our Electric Belts and Appliances during the past 20 years.



CATTLE AND BEEF EXTRACTS.—Over 600,000 cattle are slaughtered yearly, and mainly in the Northwest, for the manufacture of beef extracts.

WOMEN INVENTORS.—More than 700 women have been successful inventors. One New York woman has secured thirty-five patents on labor-saving devices.

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS.—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr says that women "cannot get behind or beyond their nature, and their nature is to substitute sentiment for reason, a sweet and not unlovely characteristic in womanly ways and places."

MARIE CORELLI.—Marie Corelli, the novelist, plays well on the mandolin. She is petite, the embodiment of gentleness, and cultured to a fault. She knows Shakespeare by note, but her mystical tendencies incline to make her a greater lover of Dante.

PADDLING HER OWN CANOE.—Miss Jane Stone, a Philadelphia girl, has gone into the oil business in the newly-discovered petroleum fields in East Tennessee. She makes her own leases. It is her purpose to drill ten wells before fall, and she has contracted for 100,000 feet of lumber for derricks.

SELLING CHINESE WOMEN IN SYDNEY.—Chinese women in Sydney are cheap. One can be had for \$100, delivered in good condition. As it is cheaper to deliver two than one, they are imported in couples. When they arrive, the best one is sold for \$100 and the other is put up at private auction and brings what she may.

DEW AND COLORS.—It is said that dew is a great respecter of colors. To prove this, take pieces of glass or board and paint them red, yellow, green, and black. Expose them at night and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture and that the green will be damp, but the red and black will be left perfectly dry.

SCHUMANN'S LOVING WIDOW.—A pretty story is told of the late widow of the great Schumann. When she was going to play any of her husband's music in public she read over some of the old love-letters that he wrote her during the days of their courtship, so that, as she said, she might be "better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work."

WHERE WINES COME FROM.—The annual wine production of the world is estimated by the officials of the Wine Exposition held at Bordeaux in 1895, at 3,671,963,000 gallons. Ranking in importance as wine producing countries, the different nations stand as follows: France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Switzerland, the Balkan States, Argentine Republic, Chili, the United States, Brazil, Australia, Cape Colony. Wine production in California, Washington, Idaho and Oregon is increasing rapidly each year, and the United States may soon be expected to rank higher than twelfth in the list of great wine-producing countries.

WE CURE EYES & EARS

By a new painless method—Sight and Hearing restored.
For a limited time we will treat and perform operations on all cases
for **HALF RATES. Examinations FREE.**

Cures by our treatment: W. B. Stebbins, foreman Northern Pacific shops, Livingston, Mont., paralysis muscles of the Eye-Ball; Mrs. Willis Baker 215 Colfax Avenue, Minneapolis, Granulated Lids; Mrs. Daniel Mullin, 53 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, totally blind from Cataract; Katie Farnum, 234 Acker St., St. Paul, Cross-Eyes; Mrs. M. Little, Boston, Mass., Obstructed Tear Duct; S. Burse, Rhinelander Wis., Pterygium; J. C. Blauvelt, 674 Selby Ave., St. Paul, deaf for fifteen years; Wm. Lawler, cousin Hon. Dan. W. Lawler, St. Paul, totally deaf. We guarantee to cure Cataract, Cross Eyes, Pterygium, Ingrowing Lashes, Obstructed Tear Duct, etc. We have a staff of specialists for the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs, Nerves and Blood. Write for particulars.

ST. PAUL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE AND EYE & EAR INFIRMARY,

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Electrical Contractors,

Agents for the electrical machinery of The Standard
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Isolated Plants, Central Stations, Street Railways.
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per month by a harmless treatment by practicing physician of 30 years' experience. No bad effects, starving, wrinkles or flabbiness. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL confidentially. A 40-page pamphlet, "The Successful Treatment of Obesity," sent for 4 cts. Address

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CHARLES JOHNSON.

HENRY JOHNSON.

CAPITAL CITY FURNITURE CO.,

(Late Johnson Bros. & Loomis), Manufacturers of
BANK, OFFICE, SALOON AND STORE FIXTURES, Etc.
All Kinds of Interior Hardwood Finish.

639-641 Jackson St., - - St. Paul, Minn.

J. W. ROSS,

Architect,

Security Block,

GRAND FORKS, N. D.



AN INDUSTRIOUS SOMNAMBULIST.

Mima, in Thurston County, Wash., boasts of having the crack somnambulist of the country. W. Johnson recently purchased a new bicycle which he has been riding constantly when not employed by his brother in setting out cabbage-plants. Not long ago, says the *Olympia Olympian*, Mr. Johnson was discovered at daybreak wearing only his nightrobe and vigorously at work planting cabbage, while his bicycle stood in a corner of the garden. It was then apparent that he had ridden a mile and a quarter in his sleep and had gone to work setting out plants. It was a picturesque sight for those who saw him, and it was fortunate that the air was balmy and that no illness resulted. Mr. Johnson is now almost afraid to go to bed nights, lest he be again surprised while cultivating cabbage in his short-cut Mother Hubbard.

THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED.

Several of the Lake's well-known gentlemen met at Campbell's store the other evening, as usual, to discuss Cuba and other burning topics of the hour, and to advise the U. S. Government as to the course it

staying at the Manor House a few evenings ago. "He was not a smoker, so he concluded to tumble in, while I went forward to the smoking compartment for a cigar before I followed his example. Possibly I found the game of cards which was in progress between two commercial travelers interesting, or else the cigar was more soothing than usual, but, however it was, I remained longer than I intended. In the meantime we had made a stop and taken on a couple of passengers, an aged couple of dignified and aristocratic appearance. Every lower berth was taken and over half of the uppers, so the worthy pair were not jubilant over the prospect of climbing into an upper berth, and their objections were plainly audible to others than the porter. At last that sable gallant, driven to his wits' end, came in where I sat smoking placidly and apparently unconscious of what had been going on in the car. With a deprecating air he approached and asked me if I would exchange my lower berth for an upper, in favor of the people. I readily assented, and the couple, grateful and contented, immediately took possession, and, judging from the discordant vocal sounds which soon emanated from 'lower 10,' they had fallen into peaceful slumber. In the meantime, my friend being a heavy sleeper, was quite unconscious of the change that had been made in the arrangements. So, early in the morning he crawled out and proceeded to get his shoes from under the berth, sitting upon the edge of the bed while he leisurely drew on one shoe. Then he began to think that I had enjoyed myself undisturbed quite long enough, and commenced to shake the curtains and call me to get up. Meeting with no response, he concluded to make it



ARTLESS.

Little May—"Little girls ought to try to make themselves agreeable to gentlemen, oughtn't they, Uncle George?"
Uncle George—"Of course, my dear."
Little May—"Especially when they are very rich and very old, like you—at least that's what mamma told me."

should pursue in the matter. After exhausting this subject the conversation, somehow, drifted around to the sharp games played every now and then by sharp men upon too confiding fellow-men and women.

"Gentlemen," observed our railroad agent, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "I do not want to brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, and all that, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to the bearer for repairs. You may send the note to my house, and I'll bet five dollars that she will be too sharp to let the clothes go."

"We'll take that bet," called two or three of the "boys," and, there being a number of them standing about, the five dollars was soon chipped in. The note was written, signed, and sent by a messenger. In half an hour or less he returned, empty-handed as to clothes, but having a note which read:

"Come off the perch! All the clothes you have in the world are on your back, and you know it!"

"Gentlemen," said the guileless railroader, as he pocketed the stake, "let me recommend this to you as something that always wins. I've got to meet a train at 9:20, and will have to bid you good evening." And then there was silence about that store in large chunks.—*Medical Lake (Wash.) Ledger.*

ALL FOR COURTESY'S SAKE.

"My friend and I had secured two lower berths opposite each other," said a commercial man who was

more effectual; so he calmly drew aside the curtains, noting nothing unusual in the dim light, and gave several resounding slaps with the remaining shoe upon the most obvious portion of the anatomy. At the same time he called out, 'Come! aren't you ever going to get up?' For answer, several feminine shrieks rent the air, while two wrathful faces rose up and confronted my friend, who sank back aghast. Every head popped out between the curtains, my own included, but, quickly grasping the situation, I sank back convulsed. In the meantime the porter had appeared, and in due course of time, and with many explanations, succeeded in pacifying the aged couple.—*Vancouver (B. C.) World.*

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, loss of vitality, lack of confidence, etc.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone. I was robbed by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray, Mich.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free. Claims to be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering from any form of nervous weakness ought to write for such a remedy at once. A request to H. C. Olds, Box 1802, Kalamazoo, Mich., stating that you are not sending for the prescription out of idle curiosity, but that you wish to make use of the medicine by giving it a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may wonder how Mr. Olds can afford to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. Cut this out and send to Mr. Olds, so that he may know how you came to write him.



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Chicago Cincinnati and
between Indianapolis Louisville

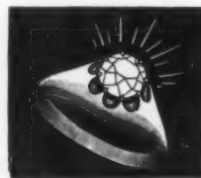
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W. H. McDOEL, FRANK J. REED
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L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Pass. Agt.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



One carat \$5.00.

South African
OFF-COLOR
DIAMONDS.

Genuine Stones
\$3.00 per carat.

Sent C. O. D.,
subject to inspection.

Wear Diamonds!

Look Prosperous!

We sell WATCHES, REVOLVERS and everything. Gents' or Ladies' gold-plated Watches. 20-year guarantee. Good movement, for \$3.00. 20-year filled case, Elgin or Waltham movement, \$15.00. Send stamp for mammoth catalogue and book on diamonds. Agents wanted.

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PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

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 THE MAPLE LEAF ROUTE
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 LEAVES
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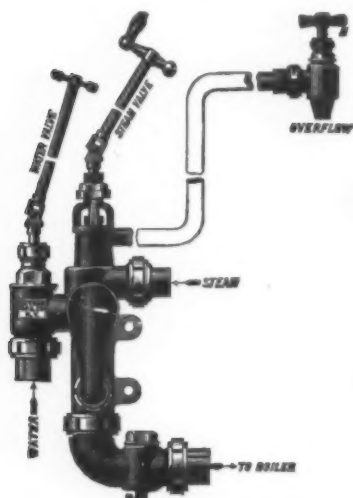
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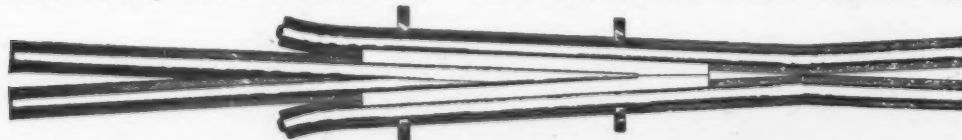
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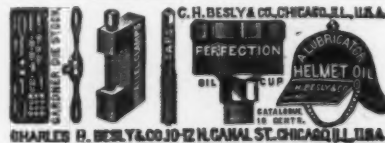
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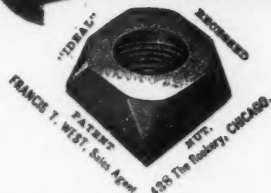
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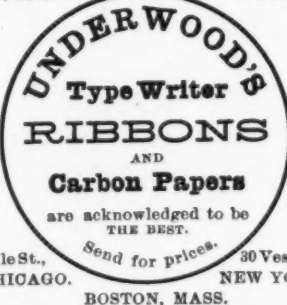
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On January 24th, 1897, the Monon Route established
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H. & D., to Cincinnati; thence B. & O. S. W. and B. &
O., to Washington. The sleeper will leave Chicago,
daily, on the "Monon Fast Mail," at 2:45 A. M. It will
be ready for occupancy, however, in Dearborn Station,
any time after 9:30 P. M. As the sleeper goes through
without change, as the hours of leaving and ar-
riving are so convenient, this should prove a popular
route to the National Capital.

Gold Cornstalks.

It has been found that the humble cornstalk can be
converted into cellulose, smokeless powder, matting
paper, and a few other things, so that it bids fair to
become popular. The St. Paul & Duluth Railroad
has always been popular, because of the excellent ser-
vice it provides for its army of patrons to and between
St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Still-
water, Taylor's Falls and other points of interest and
importance. The Duluth Short Line, as this favorite
route is called, always has a big run of travel, because
its facilities enable it to run modern trains rapidly at
convenient hours over a smooth roadbed between
handsome terminals, making close connections for
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be in the crowd. Apply to ticket agents for maps, cir-
culars, folders, etc., or write to W. A. Russell, General
Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

In Montana's Territorial Days.

When Montana was a Territory and the Legislature
met in Virginia City, then the capital, the council,
which in Territorial days corresponded to the senate
in the State Legislature, decided to dispense with the
services of a chaplain, on economical grounds. The
assembly, which corresponded to the present "house,"
says the Helena Independent, was not troubled with
economical spasms and so concluded to have a chap-
lain. The man chosen was "Rev." Anson S. Potter, the
regularity of whose title was often questioned, even
in those free and easy days. Rev. Mr. Potter was a
mystery, but was not averse to accepting the chap-
laincy and the emoluments that accompanied it.

Days passed by and the chaplain's prayers became
perfunctory—as they are apt to be if rendered only
with the salary in view. But Potter, not contented with
the monotony, created a stir one day by praying long
and fervently for the council—after he had completed
the usual string of benedictions on behalf of the assembly.
Milo Courtwright, a member of the assembly and a
picturesque citizen of that time, met Potter on the
street immediately after the closing of the session.
He confronted the chaplain then and there, and de-
manded an immediate explanation.

"Wha-what have I done now?" asked Potter.

"You've done enough!" cried Courtwright, with a
string of oaths. "Don't we hire you to pray for us
fellows in the assembly?"

"Y—yes," said Potter.

"And you get your pay, don't you?"

Potter said he did.

"Well, why in the name of the devil can't you let it
go at that? If those fellows want to be prayed for let
them pay for it themselves. If they want to go to hell,
let them go there. We're not going to have any more
of it. Mind your eye, now!"

Courtwright wound up with another long string of
oaths, and stalked off. Some one claimed that he was
only joking, but "Rev." Anson S. Potter wanted the
salary and would take no chances, so the council was
never prayed for again during that session.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed
in his hands by an East India missionary the formula
of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and per-
manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh,
Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a
positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all
Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful
curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to
relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to
all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or
English, with full directions for preparing and using.
Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this
paper, W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



De man at de bottom of de ladder kain't fall and hurt hisself.

"Talk about elevatin' de stage! Wot's de matter wid lowerin' de gallery!"

"Many a man's progress down the stretch of life," said the Merry Philosopher, "is wofully delayed by his getting stuck on a bar."

Tourist—"Are we near the Falls?"

Guide—"Yes, sir. As soon as the ladies stop talking, you will be able hear the roar."

Johnny—"Pa, what is classical music?"

Fond Parent—"Classical music, Johnny, is music that you have never heard before and never want to hear again."

Bob—"You say she tried to stop the 'bus by whistling at it. Did she make a success of it?"

Reggie—"Yes, in a way. It wasn't her whistling that stopped the 'bus, though; it was the face she made."



WHY NOT.

Timid Admirer—"Come, we will go and sit under the w-w-willow, Miss Esther, and talk of love."

Demure Maiden—"Why not under the pop-poplar, dear George?"

Teacher—"When should a man use 'Your humble servant' in closing a letter?"

Pupil—"When he's writing to his wife."

She—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"

He—"I saw it in the papers this morning."

An up-to-date grammarian says that although a girl may be intelligent enough to know that "kiss" is a noun, she is frequently unable to decline it.

Dimling—"Why did you leave the lecture platform, Larkin?"

Larkin—"Well, I was egged on to take that step."

Nurse (preparing medicine for sick banker)—"Will you take this draught, sir?"

Cashier (feebly)—"H'm! Can you be identified?"

"Papa," asked the little boy who wants to know, "how does an army scour the country? With brushes?"

"Yes," said the father, "brushes with the enemy."

"I am sorry to hear that you have lost your wife, Cicero."

"Yes, pahson, but de Lawd knows wot's bes' foh us."

"What did you stop that clock in your room for, Jane?"

"Because, mum, the plaguey thing has some sort of a fit every mornin', mum, jest when I want to sleep."

"Do you think that beautiful women are apt to be spoiled?" she murmured, with upturned eyes. "Your beauty will never spoil you, darling," was the equivocal answer.

Mabel—"Mr. Jones, do you ever sing 'After the Ball?'"

Jones—"No; ain't able—as a rule. Generally have to go straight to bed."

Dudleigh—"Did you evah see the mongoose, Miss Halwiet?"

Miss H. (significantly)—"No; but I have seen the mongoose dozens of times."

"The Bluvvingtons keep up a very imposing establishment," remarked the gossip man who had just moved into the neighborhood.

"They do that, indeed," replied the corner grocer; "and my store's the one that's mostly been imposed on."

"White man mek all de laws toe suit hisself," said 'Kastus.

"Co'se," assented Moses.

"Jis fo' zample: Man steal my dawg las' week, an' I fine out dat dawg ain' propetty. But chickens am propetty, an' doan' yo' forgit it!"

The Cook—"Discharge me, is it? Well, yez don't dare. Ol'll expose yez to the boarders!"

Mrs. Slimdlet—"What do you mean?"

"Ol'll tell 'em the fresh muffins they t'ink they're gettin' lvery mornin' are nothin' but the owld wans blown up wid a bicycle poomp!"

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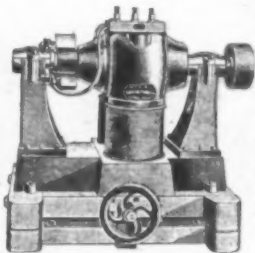
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